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THE FIRST ANTI-WAR PLAY

An Article by Edith Hamilton

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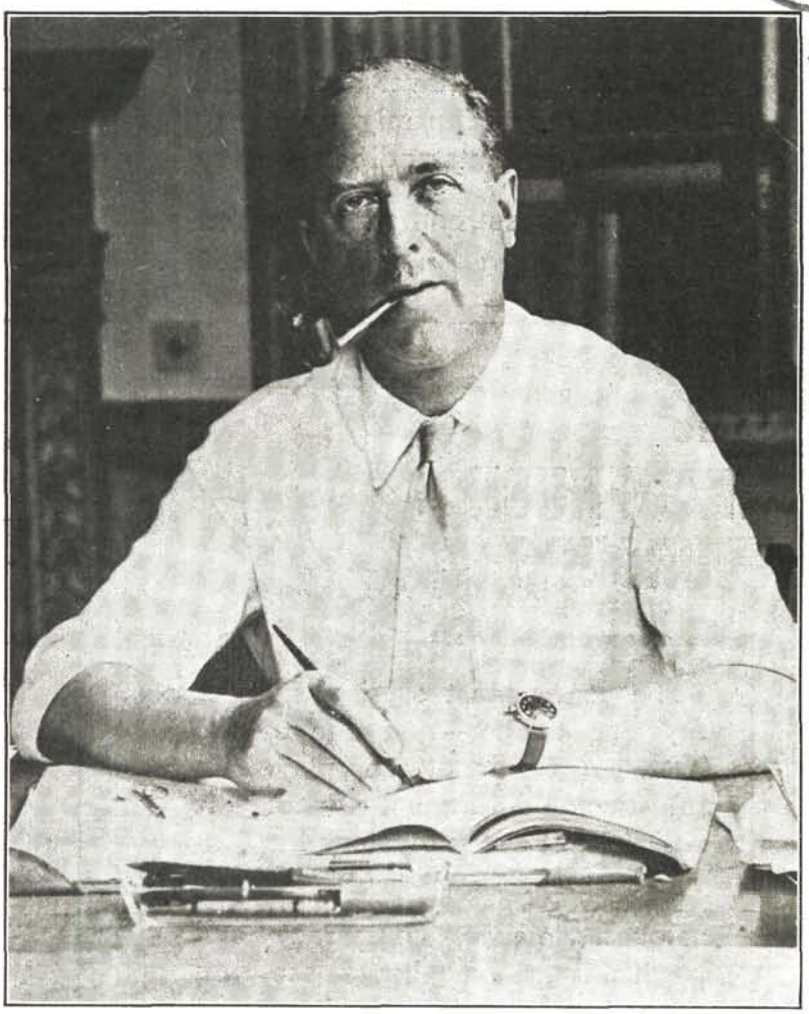

FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG

"This is the Covered Wagon Legend of South Africa"...
(See page 5)

WOTAN *By C. G. Jung*

AN EMINENT PSYCHOLOGIST EXPLORES THE FORCES BEHIND GERMAN FASCISM

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Wotan

A Psychologist Explores the Forces Behind German Fascism

BY C. G. JUNG

WITH the outbreak of the World War Europeans began to live things which hitherto they had only dreamed. The very idea of war between civilized nations had come to be regarded as a fairy tale, for men believed implicitly that such an intellectual absurdity was impossible in a rational internationally organized world. But the war brought on a veritable witches' sabbath, and we looked with wonder on fantastic revolutions, drastic alterations of the map, political regression to medieval and barbaric prototypes. We saw states that sucked in whole nations and with their claim to absolute totality outtrumped all previous theocratic endeavors. And finally we had before us the spectacle of a gay pirate-raid against a peaceful, half-civilized people, who happened to belong to the League of Nations. When such things take place on a great scale, we need not be surprised if equally strange phenomena appear on a small one. In the philosophical sphere, it is true, we may have to wait till some one, after taking thought, discovers just what kind of time it is in which we live. But in the religious world, we can already see what sort of significant things are taking place. And however greatly the low spiritual level of the "scientific" reaction is to be deplored, there is nothing astonishing in the fact that the tawdry splendors of the Greek Church have inevitably roused up an atheistic movement of pitiable taste and intelligence. In the near East no man can help drawing a breath of relief when he steps out of the gloomy, incense-choked atmosphere of the collection of lamps, which stands for Orthodoxy, into an honest mosque where God's invisibility and omnipresence are not symbolized by a superfluity of rites and sacred paraphernalia. It was to be expected that nineteenth century "scientific" enlightenment would at some time dawn even in Russia.

A country like Germany, formerly believed to have outgrown the Middle Ages, is a very different affair. It is more than peculiar that, in an essentially civilized nation, an ancient god of storm and frenzy, who has lain quiet for ages, should suddenly break out like a volcano. He came to life unexpectedly in the Youth Movement and his waking was celebrated with the slaughter of more than one sheep. And his worshippers at first were those blond young men and women, who some years ago were to be seen restlessly wandering with their lutes and knapsacks on every road from the North Cape to Sicily, faithful servants of the roving god. Later, toward the end of the Weimar Republic, the fever of travel infected thousands of the unemployed whom one met everywhere on their aimless journeys. By 1933 the people had ceased wandering. Instead they marched, hundreds of thousands of them, five year olds and veterans. The Hitler movement literally brought all Germany to its feet and gave us the old spectacle of a migration of the peoples—marking time. Wotan the Wanderer was awake.

DR. JUNG (RIGHT CENTER, HOLDING PAPERS) AT THE HARVARD TERCENTENARY
From "John Harvard's Tercentenary, 1636-1936."

Wotan, the restless wanderer, the mischief-maker, who stirs up strife and works magic, was early transformed by Christianity into a devil who only flickered on in local constantly diminishing tradition, till he dwindled to a Will O' the Wisp on stormy nights or a Wild Hunter with his train. His role of troubled wanderer was then given to Ahasuerus the Wandering Jew, a figure who arose in the Middle Ages and belongs not to Jewish but to Christian legend. The meaning of this transformation is that the Christians projected the wanderer motif, that is to say the motif of the man who has not accepted Christ, on to the Jews. This obeys the law which states that we are apt to discover elements, of which we have grown unconscious in ourselves, in the nature of other people. At any rate the coincidence of the rise of anti-semitism with the awakening of Wotan suggests a psychologically interesting question to which attention may properly be drawn.

The young Germans with their solstice festivals were not the first to become aware of the rustling in the ancient Wood of the Unconscious. Nietzsche, Schuler, Stephan George, and Klages heard the sound by anticipation. Classical tradition is so deeply engrained in the civilization of the Rhine and in the country south of the Main that it is not easily shaken off. It naturally buttresses itself on pseudo-classical models and likes to interpret problems in terms of "antique" Greek rhapsody and exuberance. It would much rather talk about Dionysus and the puer æternus and Eros who created the

Next Week

BREAD AND CIRCUSES
By WILLSON WHITMAN
Reviewed by Morton Eustis

BACKGROUND IN TENNESSEE
By EVELYN SCOTT
Reviewed by Eleanor Carroll Chilton

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universe. From the standpoint of the German *gymnasium* intelligence these figures may have a more cultivated appearance than Wotan. But Wotan may be nearer the facts of the case. He is a god of storm and uncontrolled energy. He lets loose the passions and the lust of battle. And in addition he is a magician of startling powers, in league with whatever is secret and hidden.

In this year of our Lord, we declare that the world is reasonable, because we can explain it in terms of economic, political, and psychological factors. But if we could for a moment forget the date, thrust our well meant human, all too human, rationality aside, if only a little, and throw the responsibility on God or on the gods instead of on man, then Wotan would be quite a good causal hypothesis. In fact I venture to make the heretical assertion that ancient Wotan's abysmal and as yet inexhaustible peculiarities explain far more about National Socialism than the three so-called reasonable factors put together. Though each of the three is important in a consideration of the aspects of contemporary Germany, Wotan really tells us more, especially with respect to the general phenomenon, which to the non-German, probe he never so deeply, is fundamentally strange and not to be comprehended. We may well call this general phenomenon *Ergriffenheit*, that is the condition of being emotionally "seized, moved, possessed." By this expression the condition of being "possessed" is explicitly stated, but the existence of a force or personality which seizes and possesses is also evidently implied. Unless you wish absolutely to deify Hitler, something which has happened to him on occasion, you must fall back on Wotan as the force which seizes and possesses.

WOTAN: *Painting by Schneider, Buchgewerbe-Haus, Leipzig.*

Minds that are still childish think of gods as existing in one of two ways. Either the gods are metaphysical entia, or else they are inventions, playful or superstitious as the case may be. To people who think in either manner the parallel between Wotan reborn and the social-political-psychical storm that is shaking Germany to its depths might at least have the value of a parable, of what the philosophers call an "as if" relation. But in either of these two ways of thinking reason takes too much upon itself, whether it asserts the metaphysical existence of the gods in themselves or makes the equally absurd assertion that they are mere inventions of men. For, whatever else the gods may be, one thing is clear about them, they are past all doubt personifications of psychical forces. Now psychical forces have nothing whatever to do with the conscious mind, however much one may like to play with the idea that consciousness and the psyche are identical. That notion is merely an assumption on the part of the intellect. And, as we know, the mania for rational explanation finds its very reason for existence in its fear of the metaphysical. There has always been bad blood between the brothers. Hence it is not odd that psychical forces, which belong to the world of the unconscious, are looked on strangely. Everything which unexpectedly approaches man from that dark region appears either as if it came from the external world and then it is called real, or as if it were an hallucination and then it is called false. The idea that something which does not come from the outside can still be true has as yet hardly dawned on mankind.

From some standpoints, in the interest of better understanding, it might be better to abandon the name and concept of Wotan, because they arouse prejudice. One might call the same fact, or set of facts, "furore teutonicus." But then one would merely say the same thing not quite so well. So doing we should only "psychologize" Wotan and say the simple and obvious thing, that Germany is in a state of frenzy. And in such a statement of the case a valuable quality of the whole complex phenomenon has at once disappeared, namely, the dramatic aspect, the relation between him who "possesses" and him who is possessed. Now this is precisely the most impressive characteristic of the situation in Germany. For in Germany one man, himself manifestly "possessed and seized," has himself been able to possess and seize the whole nation and that to such a degree that everything is in motion, everything is rolling, and in the nature of things, skidding dangerously.

As an hypothesis Wotan appears to me to hit the mark. In fact he seems merely to have slept on the Kyffhäuser mountain until such time as the ravens should announce the dawn. He is still Wotan, a basic element of the German soul, an irrational psychical factor, a storm-wind which destroys and sweeps away the pretentions of civilizations. In spite of their illogicality, the worshippers of Wotan appear to have judged more wisely than the worshippers of Reason. For Wotan—and that apparently has been quite forgotten—is a primeval Germanic fact, a supreme expression, and an unsurpassed personification of a basic characteristic belonging especially to the German people.

Germany is a land of spiritual catastrophes, where certain natural facts never make more than a superficial truce with Reason, the world-compeller. And Reason's enemy is a wind which, blowing out of the chaos of limitless Asia, sweeps into Europe on a wide front from Thrace to Germany. When it blows in the outer world, it drives the nations together like dead leaves and when it strikes inward, it inspires ideas that shake the foundations of the earth. It is the elemental Dionysus who breaks through the Apollonian order of things. We call the creator of this whirlwind Wotan. And to understand his character, we need both history and such revelations as we may gather from myths. History records his effects on mankind in times of spiritual and mental confusion and revolution. But the myths can also help us, for they date from a time when men did not explain things merely in terms of man and his limited possibilities, because they knew that the psyche and its autonomous powers were deeper causes. The earliest intuition of mankind habitually personified these forces as gods and characterized them in the myths with the utmost care according to their nature. And this could easily happen because it was a question

(*Continued on page* 18)

En Germanie naistront diverses sectes,
S'approchans fort de l'heureux paganisme:
Le cœur captif et petites receptes
Feront rétour a payer la vraye disme.
Prophétie de Maistre Michel Nostradamus, 1555.

(In Germany strange sects begin
Much like to heathendom the blithe
The captive heart, small takings-in
Will make men pay the honest tithe.)

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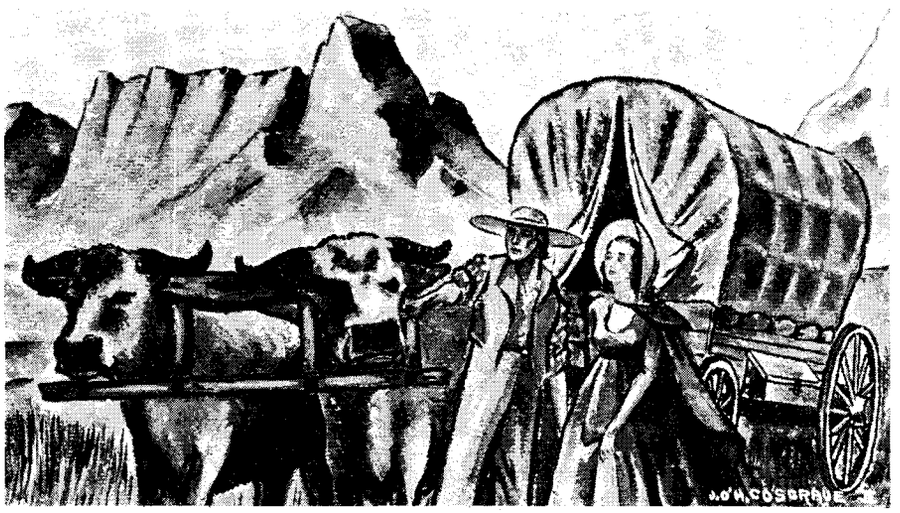

FROM THE JACKET OF "THEY SEEK A COUNTRY"

The Great Boer Trek

THEY SEEK A COUNTRY. By Francis Brett Young. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1937. $2.75.

Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

BRETT YOUNG reaches in this fine novel the high point so far in a distinguished career as narrator and man of letters. Both in the discretion of the telling and in the onward pressure of the tale this is solid satisfying achievement. Here we find the *outspanning* and the *voortrekking* which were the joy of our boyhood (in Mayne Reid) and the fierce Zulu *impi* of Rider Haggard; but linked together in a novel of true history and of adult feeling. Here are 600 rich pages of absorbing pleasure in the old strong tradition. *Kom binnen!* one feels like saying to the dalliant reader. A hospitable tale, with room for many at the board.

"They Seek a Country" is the fruit of Brett Young's twenty years' love of South Africa. The axles of his big wagon turn on the Great Boer Trek of a hundred years ago, when the tough-hearted Dutch pioneers decided to move out of Cape Colony and found their own free state in the Transvaal. But the *voorloping* part of the story is a brilliantly vivid prologue describing the sufferings of agricultural labor in England in 1836—just after the so-called Reform. John Oakley, independent in spirit, tramps to London to protest to a Parliamentary committee against the Enclosures. But he is accidentally caught in a poaching episode and condemned to transportation. The horrors of the old convict ships are well described. By chance he and a companion escape from the ship when she puts in for water on the coast of Cape Colony. And his fortune thenceforward lies with the family of old Adrian Prinsloo, the Boer patriarch who gives him shelter.

To expose the subsequent plot is no concern of the reviewer. It is enough to say that in action, in sentiment, and (most of all, perhaps) in finely rendered transcription of its chosen scene, this novel rises high. It adheres to conventional method, yes, but the love of the Englishman and the lovely Dutch girl Lisbet Prinsloo is no less moving for that. To one reader at least it brought a new and lasting idea of the beauty of South Africa, the quick and tender spring of the Veldt, the savage struggle over the mountains of the Drakensberg, the political rivalries of the Dutch factions, the dangers from beasts and men. This is the Covered Wagon legend of South Africa, and it has the sure power that a good pioneer tale will always have. It comes, oddly enough, just before the publication of another novel on precisely the same theme. Their methods are so different, neither need suffer by ill-humored comparison.

See page 26 for biographical note on Francis Brett Young.

Realism about Indians

THE ENEMY GODS. By Oliver La Farge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by EDITH MIRRIELEES

AT its next meeting, the Union of Writers of Indian Fiction will undoubtedly expel Oliver La Farge. It will, that is, unless it blackballed him long ago on the appearance of his first Indian studies.

For Mr. La Farge is making things difficult for those writers who draw their local color from ethnological monographs and ten-day excursions into Indian country. His new novel is genuinely a local color story, a rare thing in any fiction. The sheer physical facts of the Southwest, the huge block of the Navajo reservation, its aridity, the impingement of white settlement along its edges—these are forces continually at play upon character. Transported to another region, no important figure in the book would remain what he here is.

The story, opening in 1919, covers the years from childhood to early manhood in the life of a Navajo boy. Its central subject is that boy's struggle to decide between opposed cultures. Whether to try to be white, whether to follow his own people, is a question posed and reposed in his mind with each shift from boarding school to tribe, from tribe to boarding school again. That the answer is found at last partly through accident takes nothing from the strength of the story, for the accident comes about only because the spiritual struggle is then at its fiercest.

But while the full-size drawing of the main character is interesting, the partial portraits which appear in almost bewildering number are more interesting still. The missionaries, the Indian School principals and matrons and policemen, the Navajos—from this variegated lot Ashin Tse-n Bigé, renamed Myron, draws his impressions of two races. These impressions shift from pole to pole as the story

Paul Coze

OLIVER LA FARGE (BAREHEADED, CENTER) IN NEW MEXICO

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progresses, not only for Myron but for the reader. If the succession of Indian Service brutalities and stupidities and intrigues which fill the opening pages seem overdrawn, it must be remembered that Mr. La Farge, director of the National Association on Indian Affairs, speaks by the book; tons of evidence sustain him.

A local color story, to deserve the name, must be also an illumination of history. Mr. La Farge is entitled to a vote of thanks for showing, in memorable form, not only the heart-breaking wrong of much earlier Indian policy but also the courageous good sense by which some parts of that wrong are being corrected.

See page 26 for biographical note on Oliver La Farge.

Two Kinds of Life

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT. By Ernest Hemingway. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

DOWN in Key West the have-nots can take their choice of working for the F.E.R.A. at $6.50 a week, like Albert Tracy, or going into the smuggling business, like Harry Morgan. The haves are all a bunch of contemptible parasites who lie around the harbor in their yachts, drinking, promiscuating, and evading the Bureau of Internal Revenue. The have-nots are the real people; they've got guts, and they know how to take it.

Hemingway is at his best with Harry Morgan, who tries to make an honest living with his 38-foot power boat, gets cheated out of $825 by one of the haves who chartered the boat for a month's fishing, and then goes in for rum-running and coolie-smuggling between Havana and Key West. Harry can kill a man when he has to without being either too casual or too introspective about it. The story of Harry is so fast and exciting that you read it without caring, at the time, whether it's just a glorified pulp or whether it really says something. What it gives you is Harry's character, inside out, and always in Harry's own words. Harry's speech, and that of the Negro and the rummy who ship with him, cannot be improved upon for vigorous, natural American. It is the talk as much as the action that carries you along, if not breathless, certainly well stimulated.

But Harry is a very simple character. There is not much about him, or about the three short stories in which he figures—and which do not quite add up to a novel—to stick with you. There is an excellent two-page scene between Harry and his wife, written in human terms, which illuminates the subhumanity of many other scenes. But on the whole I remember less about "To Have and Have Not" after two weeks than about "A Farewell to Arms" after eight years or "The Sun Also Rises" after eleven. The idea of the book seems to be that you either live dangerously or you walk around dead. This idea doesn't have to be phony, as it was in "The Green Hat," for instance, and it isn't phony in Hemingway; but it is less than profound and short of impressive. In the third volume of "Men of Good Will," "The Proud and the Meek," Jules Romains explored the same dichotomy of haves and have-nots, with incomparably more subtlety, and with immeasurably superior results, both intellectually and artistically.

Hemingway has such vituperative contempt for people who do not live dangerously that he presents all of them—the "haves"—in caricature. These rich people are not without actual counterparts among the lunatic fringe of economic royalty, but as object lessons in Hemingway's book they are tiresome, because they are all alike. There is one in the beginning of the book named Johnson, and another in the closing section named Johnston; there is no evidence except the change in spelling that they are meant to be two different people, and the suspicion lurks with the reader that the change in spelling just might have been a careless mistake. The scenes in "To Have and Have Not" which do not

Tall Tale of the West

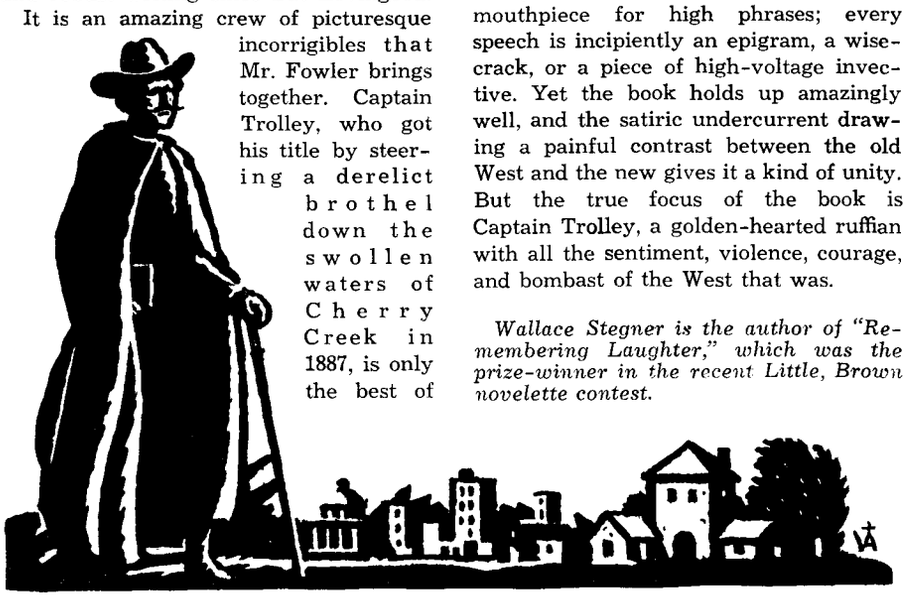
SALUTE TO YESTERDAY. By Gene Fowler. New York: Random House. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by WALLACE STEGNER

THIS uproarious novel is drawn from the same still as Gene Fowler's biography of Tammen and Bonfils, arch-dukes of the incredible Denver *Post*. Like its predecessor, it is a heady distillate.

The scene is again Denver, but a Denver now sloughing its frontier swagger. The old West is being replaced by a new one, symbolized by Editor Bonny, capitalist Steele, and the decadent City Council. But before the old can entirely pass, what an outburst! What a thumping, profane, vulgar, magnificent uproar! The old West, in the person of Captain James Job Trolley, assisted by a handful of cronies, rallies to raise particular hell through three hundred and sixty-five pages of the most extravagant, witty, and robust writing since Sut Lovingood.

It is an amazing crew of picturesque incorrigibles that Mr. Fowler brings together. Captain Trolley, who got his title by steering a derelict brothel down the swollen waters of Cherry Creek in 1887, is only the best of many. There is an unwashed, hairy, and one-eyed Greek prophet, a Mohammedan cut-purse, an aging Russian countess, a group of drunk, disorderly, and suicidal newspapermen, and a couple of Ute Indians (one an all-American fullback). A thread of narrative unravels the murder of capitalist Steele and chronicles the last triumphant vindication of the true pioneers, but the story is the least of this book. The real flavor is in the arabesque of pungent and eccentric anecdote lying under and around and over the narrative.



FROM THE JACKET OF "SALUTE TO YESTERDAY"

Do not expect bald realism. "Salute to Yesterday" is of the stuff of the tall tales. Exaggeration is its essence. Its invective stems from the days when frontier editors carried horsewhips and derringers. Its humor is ammoniac with corral odors. Its incident is the American picaresque in the manner of Mark Twain.

The only apparent flaw in this rough-house yarn is that it is keyed too high. Every character tends to become a mouthpiece for high phrases; every speech is incipiently an epigram, a wise-crack, or a piece of high-voltage invective. Yet the book holds up amazingly well, and the satiric undercurrent drawing a painful contrast between the old West and the new gives it a kind of unity. But the true focus of the book is Captain Trolley, a golden-hearted ruffian with all the sentiment, violence, courage, and bombast of the West that was.

Wallace Stegner is the author of "Remembering Laughter," which was the prize-winner in the recent Little, Brown novelette contest.

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involve Harry Morgan seem like interruptions, as if they didn't belong in the book at all. One such episode, concerning a third-rate but wealthy writer on the skids, is not so much bad Hemingway as bad John O'Hara. Hemingway's implicit, but belligerent, intolerance of complex personalities has come nearer and nearer the surface in his last three books, but he seems to have abandoned the 450-word sentence; so whatever it may not be, "To Have and Have Not" is good reading.

History and Hysteria

GREATHOUSE. By Edward Eyre Hunt. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

THE lyrical prolegomena supplied by the blurb writer notes that "at intervals, hysteria sweeps across the life of America," and that the hero of this tale is "a symbol of the American people, always ready for the next wave of excitement, never remembering the last." The literary historian remarks that "Greathouse" is a revival of the Melmoth or Wandering Jew theme, for Mr. Greathouse miraculously ages only five years each quarter of a century, so that he participates in the witchcraft excitement in Salem and is still alive during the prohibition days. The reviewer observes that this is an episodic "novel" in which the same uninteresting character participates as an actor-spectator in a series of historic moments presented in undistinguished prose.

There is obviously no point to the device employed by Mr. Hunt unless the hero is in some way exceptional. Since Mr. Hunt apparently intended his central figure to be an ordinary man, anything exceptional is ruled out. Save for a few love affairs, none of which is of any great significance, the hero is a mere man of straw manipulated by the author through a succession of episodes. But obviously also it requires great talent to dramatize in one book episodes as diverse as the battles of Trenton and Princeton, Black Friday, the building of the Union Pacific railroad, and the life of Steve Bonnet, the pirate leader. Mr. Hunt is not successful. His historical figures have little vitality, Aaron Burr being almost the only one to escape into reality.

The panoramic novel of American life offers great difficulties because of the vastness of the republic and the complexity of its development. In Mr. Hunt's book, for example, the South, which ought not to be excepted from the hysteria the author is gunning for, hardly appears; whereas the piracy section seems to have little to do with the hysteria theme. The result is to leave the reader in a state of bewilderment, and further to break down the intended unity of the book.

"Keep Your Excitement"

THE RUNNING OF THE DEER. By Dan Wickenden. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MAXWELL

IT is sometimes possible to guess the quality of a book pretty accurately by its first sentence. "The Running of the Deer" begins "He lay flat on his back in bed, and his toes, turned toward the ceiling, lifted the red blanket in a double peak." Simple, honest writing with some regard for the way words are put together, and, somehow, more than that. Magically perhaps, the book has begun at the very beginning. This is not the common or card-trick variety of magic but the real thing which only a few novelists have at their command. All that is necessary afterward is for Mr. Wickenden to get his character out of bed, and this he manages without the slightest difficulty.

From the jacket design of "The Running of the Deer."

Young Herman Melville Thrace—Mel for short—is a typical adolescent. He broods, walks in the rain, alternates periods of fanatical cleanliness with periods of going unwashed. He lives on Long Island in a modest, middle-class way with his father and mother, his hydrocephalic older brother Fred, an aunt, a mysterious Uncle Christopher from California, and a very silly dog named Samuel. These others are ordinary, and pass you on the street whenever you have occasion to be in a Long Island suburb, but Mel is not ordinary. He wants to paint, for one thing. And he has a vision which came to him on Christmas Eve while he was listening to a very old carol—the still air and trees massed dark on a rising hill with night on their depths and Mel himself running with the deer across the snow. This vision of the rising of the sun and the running of the deer comes and goes throughout the somewhat conventional action of the book, and in the end, with the help of Uncle Christopher, Mel understands his vision and possibly how to hang onto it. There are terrible things for Mel ahead, Uncle Christopher tells him; but they won't matter if Mel takes them boldly. "Keep your excitement!" Says Uncle Christopher, and there is reason to believe the boy will.

Mr. Wickenden is quite young and it seems a shame to afflict him with the word "promising" when he has brought off so readable and so engaging a book. Nevertheless there is, for the discerning reader, a special excitement all through "The Running of the Deer": evidence on every page, or practically every page, that its author has far more up his literary sleeve than he knows as yet what to do with.

William Maxwell is the author of "They Came Like Swallows."

Tragicomedy in Peru

PITY THE TYRANT. By Hans Otto Storm. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

THE recent increase of our interest in the American tropics and South America has already produced some excellent travel impressions, but save perhaps in the case of Mexico has not hitherto resulted in any fiction of more than ephemeral importance. It is to be hoped that Mr. Storm's book, which is concerned with what happened to a German-American engineer during a year spent in Peru, may be the forerunner in a series of really adequate fictional treatments of our Pan-American neighbors. Unquestionably there is some magnificent and unhackneyed material here; this is a first novel, and not too well organized, but it is valuable and engrossing because it succeeds in conveying all the more significant features of the unfamiliar lives with which it deals. After finishing it, the reader understands almost too well the tragicomedy of present-day Lima, with its ramshackle baroque upper class and its savagely exploited Indians.

The types of the story are varied and original, ranging from *choco* laborers to pure-blooded but transplanted Babbitts. The incidents of the plot are viewed with wry good humor, the more serious consequences of the hero's imprudent attempt to penetrate local secrets being staved off at the last moment. In the end he departs, having accomplished little and learned much. Peruvians may not care for this picture of their capital, represented as both primitive and decadent, but Mr. Storm's bitter, intelligent, oversensitive engineer states his case strongly. The whole story, in spite of amateurish moments in the narrative, gives a diverting worm's-eye view of the infant class-struggle at work in Peru, and deserves to be read.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Tiger, Tiger!

SO far none of Ernest Hemingway's characters has had any more consciousness than a jaguar. They are physiological systems organized around abdomens, suprarenal glands, and genitals. They are sacs of basic instinct. Their cerebrums have highly developed motor areas but are elsewhere atrophied or vestigial. Their speech is rudimentary, they have no capacity for analytical or reflective thought, they have no beliefs, no moral concepts, no ideas. Living on an instinctual level, they have no complexities of personality, emotion, or experience.

Working exclusively with such people, Mr. Hemingway has created the most memorable prize-fighters, bull-fighters, literary hangers-on, fishermen, duck-shooters, and thugs that American literature has ever seen. With Frederic Henry, a man without consciousness caught up in a catastrophic mob-panic, and Catherine Barkley, a woman who lives in completely unconscious obedience to instinct, he has composed a novel that will last as long as any in its generation. No one else writing in America today can give a scene the reality that Mr. Hemingway gives it, or can equal his dialogue, which reaches the reader as living speech.

That is an achievement on which any writer who ever lived might well rest, but Mr. Hemingway seems uneasy about it. He has grown, as our reviewer says, increasingly belligerent about personalities more complex than those he creates, about ideas, about every kind of experience that is not localized in or near the viscera. But if his characters are incapable of ideas, Mr. Hemingway is not. Their mindlessness is itself the assertion of an idea. It is one of Mr. Hemingway's root ideas and has come to dominate his work. Every so often it should be taken out and scrutinized.

Since the thinking of the Hemingway characters has been confined to a form of omphalic irritation, they have not usually had any social awareness. The social significance of "To Have and Have Not" is also negligible. The dice which Mr. Hemingway is rolling are so openly and flagrantly loaded that he cannot mean us to think of his sterile millionaires and his gonadotropic "conchs" in economic terms. The social assertions and findings are so naive, fragmentary, and casual that they cannot be offered as criticism of the established order: beside them, the simplest of the blue-jeans-and-solidarity Cinderella stories that *The New Masses* was praising three or four years ago would seem profound. The significance of the title is not sociological: it is one with the significance of Jake's wound in "The Sun Also Rises" and with the symbolism of the plaster cast in which the hero of "A Farewell to Arms" had to make love. The millionaires and the literary lice are not the "haves—they are the "have-nots." The "haves" are the conchs, and particularly Harry Morgan. Just what it is that Harry Morgan has and his oppressors lack we are told specifically and repeatedly. Mr. Hemingway has given us the supporting argument before.

It is curious where that argument takes you—where it has taken Mr. Hemingway. "Since he was a boy," one of his companions says of Harry Morgan, "he never had no pity for nobody. But he never had no pity for himself either." Quite clearly, for Mr. Hemingway the second half of that antithesis is a complete justification of the first half. If you do not pity yourself you need not pity anyone, and conversely you must not pity yourself lest you grow weak by pitying someone else. Yet one wonders whether a man is completely vindicated and sufficiently praised when it is said of him that he does not pity himself. One wonders if refusal to pity himself is enough to make Harry Morgan so admirable as Mr. Hemingway considers him. He breaks faith with and murders the Chinaman who employs him; after rum-running and miscellaneous violence, he becomes an accessory to bank robbery and more murder; and he finishes up with a quadruple murder. But floods of adrenalin are always surging into his blood stream, and, when he is wounded, both his central and his sympathetic nervous systems are polarized in support of his will to live. Mr. Hemingway is in the position of saying that nothing else matters.

"He never had no pity for nobody. But he never had no pity for himself either." It is not by chance that that analysis summons up an image of a trapped animal escaping by gnawing off its foot. "She watched him go out of the house, tall, wide-shouldered, flat-backed, his hips narrow, moving, still, she thought, like some kind of animal, easy and swift and not old yet." Also, "Him, like he was, snotty and strong and quick, and like some kind of expensive animal." We have reached the end of a path that Mr. Hemingway has been traveling for a long time. The highest praise he can give a man is to say that he is like an animal.

You see, it is only the animals who never deny life by forsaking the level of pure instinct. They are clean, honest, unpitying. They live in the reality of blood-consciousness, immersed in primary and direct experience: hunger, thirst, desire, alertness, wariness, aggressiveness. When they couple they do not weave a dishonest poetry over the clean delight of physiological function. When they kill, they kill without guilt, without remorse, without rationalization. They do not pose; they do not talk nobly; they do not live in a fog of thought, in the diseased secretion of the mind that betrays and enfeebles man. They do not kid themselves with ideas; they do not delude themselves with reason or reverie; instead, they are clean, sure, and very strong. They pity neither themselves nor other animals. They live instinctively, they defend themselves to the death, and every mammal pleases but only man is vile. What gave the death of the bull its tragic beauty was the fact that it perished at the moment of total aggressiveness, charging at its mortal enemy with all the physiology of its animal nature concentrated in the instinctive, self-justifying act of destruction. And now, compared with the human world which gives the sterile dominion over the potent, how beautiful is the long curve of the shark diving for gouts of blood.

Every man to his preference. Mr. Hemingway is certainly entitled to fall in love with sharks if he wants to, and our literature is the richer for his admiration. There has been, of course, much anthropophobia in modern literature. If the admirers of D. H. Lawrence, for instance, have not consciously loved alligators, they are at least accustomed to praise the faculties of alligators that may be discerned in man. But it is hard to see just how man himself may profitably employ the idea and just what reference either the alligator or the bull has to the problems man is working with in the modern world. And it will be interesting to see how the literary left, which temporarily regards Mr. Hemingway as an ally, will adapt his conclusions when adopting them. The cult of blood-consciousness and holy violence, as well as the clean beauty of the shark, has so far been the property of their political opponents.

It would be even more interesting to find out what Mr. Hemingway thinks of Mr. Robinson Jeffers. Utilizing the diseased secretion of thought to the utmost, Mr. Jeffers has also reached the conclusion that the animals are superior to man, but he finds the waving grasses still more admirable. Unpitying alligator or undeluded chlorophyll—which shall we prefer, which shall be the measure of things?

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Letters to the Editor: *Interpreting Aaron Burr*

Mr. Schachner Protests

SIR:—In your issue of September 18th, Mr. Holmes Alexander reviewed my biography of Aaron Burr. Only a few months before, Mr. Alexander published his own volume on Aaron Burr.

The query at once arises whether a rival author, no matter how painstakingly honest he may conceive himself to be, can so dissociate himself from his prejudices and prepossessions as to deal fairly with the diametrically opposed conclusions of another.

For example, Mr. Alexander decries the lack of gunpowder and of blood with which his own pages are liberally besprinkled, he bemoans my refusal to enliven my pages with adventurous "facts" which too often are mere assertions of second-hand gossip; he charges that I have constituted myself counsel for the defense because, after close examination of the source material, offered in its *entirety* to the inspection of the reader, I have arrived at certain conclusions contrary to his own.

More serious are his deliberate misstatements. I challenge him to point out a single instance of a resort to rhetoric or recrimination to cover up "shaky or even contrary" evidence. The one example he adduces in evidence is singularly unfortunate. Burr was neither guilty of accepting bribes nor do I apologize for his conduct in the matter. The first point is obvious from the material cited on pages 154-159 of my volume and from the researches of Dr. Paul D. Evans, who had access to the original Dutch archives, in his published thesis, "The Holland Company." The second overlooks my excoriation of Burr's part in the transaction (see page 159 and elsewhere), even though he was not guilty on the bribery count. Mr. Alexander has unwarrantably lifted a phrase of mine out of its qualifying context at the end of the volume—in essence a summing up of Burr's entire career—to produce the impression he desired.

Mr. Alexander blandly asserts that my "research is not the virgin material his publisher claims," though admitting as an anti-climax that two, "possibly more," of the documents were new. It happens that the total of hitherto unpublished items runs into the many scores, as any scholar might have determined from a perusal of the citations. If Mr. Alexander were previously aware of their existence, his own work does not betray it.

However, my chief purpose is not to air my own grievances, but to call into question what seems to be a general policy of *The Saturday Review*. The argument runs, no doubt, that the specialist who has already published on the same subject is best equipped to judge of the merits or demerits of a new study. Plausible as it may sound, the reverse is usually the case.

Aside from the human equation—or shall we call it the competitive instinct?—the reviewer's emotions are so involved in his own interpretations that it would require an act of superhuman will for him to be able to judge opposing points of view with the requisite aloofness and candor. Surely there are a sufficient number of available reviewers in any given field, fairly conversant with the subject matter, whose own possible prepossessions are not complicated by the sensitivity of rival authorship. At least their pontifications might exact greater confidence from your readers—and from the author.

NATHAN SCHACHNER.

New York City.

"SHE SAYS SHE'S KNITTING BOOK JACKETS."

Mr. Alexander Replies

SIR:—Mr. Schachner's indignation seems pretty uncalled for. In my review I stressed more than once that his book was strong on research. I did not question any of his facts. I even apologized for wishing that he had let actions speak for his words. I did say that he was defending Burr—which is true and nothing to get angry about. Indeed Mr. Schachner runs with the main herd of Burr biographers on this point.

I am challenged by him to give "one single instance" where he uses rhetoric and recrimination to excuse the Colonel's misbehavior. In the presidential tie of 1801 Jefferson is portrayed as the schemer and (p. 200) "Burr, the slippery intriguer, as he has been so often painted, emerges from this particular situation with all the honors." Again (p. 285) we find that Burr "has been accused of much, but . . . his record in public as well as in private life was considerably cleaner than that of most of his political rivals." There is a great deal of this, both vague and specific. For a rousing example of forensic display I offer the closing passage of the book. Mr. Schachner winds up in a ringing appeal of three rhetorical questions, casting haloes of injured innocence around the Colonel's brow.

And what is this about "hitherto unpublished items which runs into scores"? For a fact Mr. Schachner's publishers did send out mimeographed sheets purporting to list new material on Burr. Some of it was newspaper stuff which of course had been widely published. Much of the rest were library documents, mostly at Princeton and Philadelphia, which, though never set into type, are no more undiscovered than Nassau Hall. Actually I found only two items I could not remember having seen before. These I mentioned and, lest I had overlooked others, said that there were "possibly more" of the same.

HOLMES M. ALEXANDER.

McDonough, Md.

Barbusse MSS

SIR:—I am writing to you concerning a loss I have sustained, in the belief that possibly a literate person finding what I lost would think of turning it over to you as a responsible literary journal.

On October first, during my moving from one residence to another, my movers lost a suitcase (large, dark brown fibre case resembling a European steamer-trunk) containing manuscripts, dictionaries, seventeen volumes of notes and all the works in French of Henri Barbusse. This material was being used by me in the preparation of a biography of Henri Barbusse.

I should very much appreciate your informing me should you hear of the whereabouts of these valuable papers or should they be turned in to you. I am offering a substantial reward for the return of this material.

ETHEL SANIEL.

95 Christopher St.,
New York City.

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Evolution, Both Ways

APES, MEN AND MORONS. By Earnest A. Hooton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by IVAN T. SANDERSON

THE ugly flower among the resplendent blooms of scientific endeavor appears to be Anthropology. Professor Hooton releases witty barbs at its partial parasitism, its essential ugliness from the human or moronic point of view, but at the same time he makes the first concrete attempt to cultivate it. The general theme underlying his highly informative book is that all is not well with human evolution or "progress" as it is known to the general public and that the cultivation of anthropology as a kind of finishing school for medicine and sociology is the surest method at present known to man of attacking this problem.

This is the main theme, but it is packed around and for the most part hidden by a wealth of information that might almost be described as a well-digested *précis* of all that the ugly science has so far accomplished. After introducing the "irrepressibly noisy and babbling type of ape" which has now become man, and commenting upon his past biological accomplishments and his predominantly dim future ones, Mr. Hooton proceeds to a most enlightening and all-embracing discourse upon anthropology in general. Not only are we given, within the confines of a mere one hundred pages, a comprehensive survey of all that physical anthropology has so far accomplished, but we are treated to a most constructive criticism of the science itself as conducted by its executives. We may say that we had always suspected as much, but feel considerably relieved that the matter has now come under the scrutiny of one so discerning and tolerant as Mr. Hooton.

The second portion of the book becomes somewhat diverse, to put it mildly, rising to a peak in that convention so dear to the hearts of American anthropologists—a detailed study of the poor American Indian. Just why this chapter thirteen has crept into the book seems hard to explain, but perhaps Professor Hooton desired its inclusion as an introduction to his very informative and provocative analysis of "What is an American." He himself says that the real Americans are scarce and are called "Indians"!

It is in this section of the book, however, that some of the most potent observations are made. The little lecture entitled Plain Statements about Race should be printed by every government in the world and issued with passports, marriage certificates, all school books, and printed on the back of all contracts and motorbuses.

This is a book designed and written for the thinker. Even the average thinker may find difficulty with some of the scientific terminology, but the subject matter is of such interest, the presentation so lucid, and the wit so finely-pointed that nobody but a supermoron could fail to understand its important messages or enjoy its style. It is a pity that the central theme has not been brought more to the fore, that morons are not more critically examined, and that the imminent and probable decline of man is not more strongly contrasted with his remarkable ascent through sixty million years and the whole gamut of Primate Mammals.

It is a great relief to hear from one so able as Professor Hooton that the tenets of anthropology still stand despite the babblings of countless modern theorisers. *Pithecanthropus* is still an ape-man, the American Indians still come from northeastern Asia, and *Homosapiens* still has a most venerable antiquity. Altogether, from a scientific point of view one doubts whether a more lucid or balanced exposition of anthropology has ever been put forward. From a layman's point of view, it is in addition a sermon from the mount—in this case the intellectual mount, Harvard—and as such should be read by everybody both from interest and for pleasure.

Ivan T. Sanderson, author of "Animal Treasure," is a British naturalist, zoölogist, and explorer. *See page 26 for biographical note on Earnest A. Hooton.*

Sweet Singer of Erin

THE HARP THAT ONCE—A CHRONICLE OF THE LIFE OF THOMAS MOORE. By Howard Mumford Jones. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by JACOB ZEITLIN

IN his own day Tom Moore enjoyed all the success to which his social and literary gifts entitled him. He was the darling of the fashionable drawing-rooms and received the very highest prices for whatever came from his pen. His prestige at the time of his death was still great enough to warrant his publishers in issuing his memoirs in eight volumes. In critical quarters a reaction soon set in against him, but he never really dropped into oblivion. He has his niche in the English Men of Letters series, his collected verse is accessible among the "Oxford Poets," and his Life of Byron is treated with respect by students. Literary historians like George Saintsbury were eager to stretch a point in his cause. And now Professor Howard Mumford Jones produces a book which should strengthen our respect and affection for the character of Moore and induce a more appreciative attitude toward his intellectual and poetic powers.

THOMAS MOORE

Mr. Jones's biography is not so much a reappraisal as a more precise definition of the existing outline, being based on an extensive search of all the likely repositories of manuscript materials relating to Moore as well as on a diligent examination of contemporary newspapers and reviews. Moreover, the author has piously visited all the scenes of the poet's activity, not omitting Bermuda, and he has artfully filled in the background with the important figures and events of political history, thus giving to his picture both intimacy and solidity. There is not much that is either exciting or controversial in Moore's life. There is the farcical episode of the duel with Francis Jeffrey and the serio-comic entanglement leading up to the burning of Byron's memoirs. Of both these incidents Mr. Jones's account is the best that has yet been given and Moore emerges quite creditably from them, as he does indeed from almost every other situation that tested his character, and without any special pleading on the part of his biographer.

It is only in connection with Moore's literary achievements that Mr. Jones's tone tends at moments to become belligerent. Not that he slurs over the generally recognized weaknesses of the poetry. He is as resistant as the next man to the sentimental, the rhetorical, and the falsetto qualities in Moore's writing, and not at all reluctant to convert them into innocent merriment. But he is perhaps a little too ready to detect in the lyrics artistic affinities with Herrick or Shelley or W. B. Yeats, and to catch in the prose of "Captain Rock" the sound of Swift's indignation and Voltaire's irony. It is much easier to follow Mr. Jones in appreciation of Moore's metrical satires and lighter verses. But disagreement with particular judgments will not detract from the enjoyment of this scholarly biography, which is as shapely in its design as it is spirited in style, and distinctly the authoritative book on Moore.

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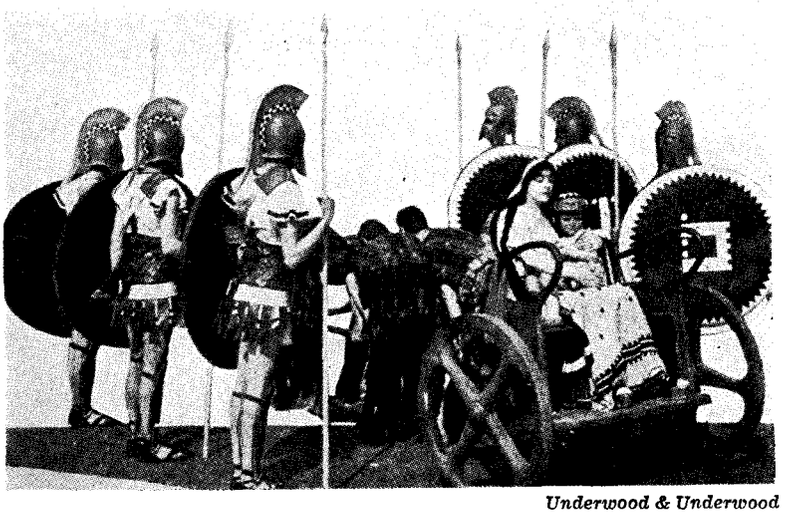
The First Anti-War Play

BY EDITH HAMILTON



Underwood & Underwood

"THE TROJAN WOMEN," *Produced by Granville Barker (1915) Edith Wynne Mathison as Andromeda, Richard Ross as the child.*

THE greatest piece of anti-war literature there is in the world was written 2,350 years ago. This is a statement worth a thought or two. Nothing since, no description or denunciation of war's terrors and futilities, ranks with the "Trojan Women," which was put upon the Athenian stage by Euripides in the year 416 B.C. In that faraway age a man saw with perfect clarity what war was, and wrote what he saw in a play of surpassing power, and then—nothing happened. No one was won over to his side—no band of eager disciples took up his idea and went preaching it to a war-ridden world. That superlatively efficient war-machine, Rome, described by one of her own historians as having fought continuously for eight hundred years, went on to greater and greater efficiency, with never a glimmer from Euripides to disturb her complacency. In the long annals of literature no writer is recorded who took over his point of view. A few objectors to war are known to us. They crop out sporadically through the ages, but rarely and never with Euripides's deliberate intention of showing war up for what it is. And except for Christ, to whom non-resistance was fundamental, we do not know of anyone else who disbelieved in violence as a means of doing good. None of Christ's so-called followers followed Him there until comparatively modern times. Not one medieval saint stands out to oppose the thousands of saintly believers in the holiness of this war or that. One soldier there was in the early days of Christianity, a simple, uneducated man, who refused to fight when he was converted, because, as he explained, Christ did not approve of men killing each other. But he was easily silenced—and the Church never denounced his executioners. He never came near to being made a saint. His very name, Maximian, is known only to the curious. That was doctrine too dangerous for the Fathers of the Church. Christians refuse to fight? Rather set up a cross as the banner of a triumphant army, conquering under that standard, killing in His name.

The men of religion, along with the men of letters, passed by, unseeing, the road Euripides had opened, and each usually vied with the other in glorifying and magnifying noble, heroic, and holy war.

Consider the greatest of all, Shakespeare. He never bothered to think war through. Of course, that was not his way with anything. He had another method. Did he believe in "Contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war"? Or in "Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war"? He says as much on the one side as on the other.

"We few, we happy few, we band of brothers," King Henry cries before Agincourt:

> This day is called the feast of Crispian;
> And gentlemen of England now abed
> Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
> And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
> That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

And then a few pages on:

> If impious war
> Array'd in flames like to the Prince of fiends,
> Do, with his smirched complexion, all fell feats
> Enlink'd to waste and desolation,—

It is not possible to know what Shakespeare really thought about war, if he really thought about it at all. Always that disconcerting power of imagination blocks the way to our knowledge of him. He saw eye to eye with Henry on one page and with the citizens of Harfleur on the next, and what he saw when he looked only for himself, he did not care to record.

In our Western world Euripides stands alone. He understood what the world has only begun today to understand.

"The burden of the valley of vision," wrote Isaiah, when he alone knew what could save his world from ruin. To perceive an overwhelmingly important truth of which no one else sees a glimmer, is loneliness such as few even in the long history of the world can have had to suffer. But Euripides suffered it for the greater part of his long life. The valley of vision was his abiding place.

He was the youngest of the three Greek tragic poets, but only a few years younger than Sophocles, who, indeed, survived him. The difference between the two men was great. Each had the keen discernment and the profound spiritual perception of the supreme artist. Each lived and suffered through the long drawn-out war, which ended in the crushing defeat of Athens, and together they watched the human deterioration brought about during those years. But what they saw was not the same. Sophocles never dreamed of a world in which such things could not be. To him the way to be enabled to endure what was happening, the only way for a man to put life through no matter what happened, was to face facts unwaveringly and accept them, to perceive clearly and bear steadfastly the burden of the human lot, which is as it is and never will be different. To look at the world thus, with profundity but in tranquillity of spirit, without bitterness, has been given to few, and to no other writer so completely as to Sophocles.

But Euripides saw clearest of all not what is, but what might be. So rebels are made. Great rebels all know the valley of vision. They see possibilities: this evil and that ended; human life transformed; people good and happy. "And there shall be neither sorrow nor crying, nor any more pain: for the former things are passed away." The clarity with which they see brings them anguish; they have a passion of longing to make their vision a reality. They feel, like a personal experience, the giant agony of the world. Not many among the greatest stand higher than Euripides in this aristocracy of humanity.

Sophocles said, "Nothing is wrong which gods command." Euripides said, "If

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gods do evil, then they are not gods." Two different worlds are outlined in those two ideas. Submission is the rule of the first. Not ours to pass judgment upon the divine. "There are thoughts too great for mortal men," was ever Sophocles's idea, or, in the words of another great Greek writer, "To long for the impossible is a disease of the soul." Keep then within the rational limit; "Sail not beyond the pillars of Heracles." But in the second world, Euripides's world, there can be no submission, because what reigns there is a passion for justice and a passion of pity for suffering. People who feel in that way do not submit to the inevitable, or even really perceive it. But they perceive intolerably what is wrong and, under that tremendous impetus, they are ready to throw all security aside, to call everything into question, to tear off the veils that hide ugly things, and often, certainly in Euripides's case, to give up forever peace of mind.

Two years before the end of the war Euripides died, not in Athens, but away up north in savage Thrace, lonelier in his death even than in his life. The reason he left his city is not recorded, but it was a compelling one. Men did not give up their home in Greek and Roman days unless they must. All we are told is a single sentence in the ancient "Life of Euripides," that he had to go away because of "the malicious exultation" aroused against him in the city. It is not hard to discover why.

Athens was fighting a life-and-death war. She did not want to think about anything. Soldiers must not think. If they begin to reason why, it is very bad for the army. Above all, they must not think about the rights and wrongs of the war. Athens called that being unpatriotic, not to say traitorous, just as emphatically as the most Aryan Nazi today could. And Euripides kept making her think. He put play after play on the stage which showed the hideousness of cruelty and the pitifulness of human weakness and human pain. The Athenians took their theater very seriously, and they were as keen and as sensitive an audience as has ever been in the world. It was unheard of in Athens to forbid a play because it was not in accordance with the ruling policy, but many a politician must have felt very uneasy as he listened to what Euripides had to say.

The war lasted twenty-seven years. Thucydides, the great historian of the time, remarks that "War, teaching men by violence, fits their characters to their condition," and two of his austere black-laid-on-white pictures illustrate with startling clarity how quickly the Athenians went downhill under that teaching.

They had been fighting for three years only when an important island in the Aegean revolted. Athens sent a big fleet against her and captured her, and in furious anger voted to put all the men to death and make slaves of the women and children. They dispatched a ship to carry the order to the general in command, and then, true to the spirit of the city that was still so great, they realized the shocking thing they had done, and they sent another boat to try to overtake the first and bring it back, or, if that was impossible, to get to the island in time to prevent the massacre. We are told how the rowers rowed as none ever before, and how they did arrive in time. And Athens felt that weight of guilt lifted, and rejoiced.

But as the war went on men did not feel guilty when terrible deeds were done. They grew used to them. Twelve years later, when the war had lasted fifteen years, another island offended Athens, not by revolting, only by trying to keep neutral. It was a tiny island, in itself of no importance, but by that time Athens was incapable of weighing pros and cons. She took the island, she killed all the men and enslaved all the women and children, and we hear of no one who protested. But a few months later one man showed what he thought, not only of this terrible deed but of the whole horrible business of war. Euripides brought out the "Trojan Women."

There is no plot in the "Trojan Women" and almost no action. After a ten-year war a town has been taken by storm and the men in it killed. Except for two subordinate parts the characters are all women. Their husbands are dead, their children taken from them, and they are waiting to be shipped off to slavery. They talk about what has happened and how they feel, and this talk makes up the substance of the play. They are very unlike each other, so that we see the situation from different points of view. There is the wife of the king, an old woman, whose husband was cut down before her eyes, in their home as he clung to the altar; her sons, too, are dead, and she, a queen, is to be a slave to the conquerors. There is her daughter, a holy virgin, dedicated to the service of the god of truth, now to be the concubine of the victorious commander-in-chief. Her daughter-in-law too, wife of her dearest and most heroic son, she is to belong to the son of the man who killed him and misused him after death. Helen, the beautiful, is there as well, maneuvering to regain her power over the husband she betrayed, but, in the play, unsuccessful and led away to die. And there are a number of other women, not great or impressive at all except through their sufferings, pitiful creatures weeping for the loss of home, husband, children, and everything sweet and pleasant gone forever.

That is the whole of it. Not one gleam of light anywhere. Euripides had asked himself what war is like when one looks straight at it, and this is his answer. He knew his Homer. It was the Greek Bible. And that theme of glorious poetry about the dauntless deeds of valiant men, heroically fighting for the most beautiful woman in the world, turns in his hands into a little group of broken-hearted women.

A soldier from the victorious army, who comes to bring them orders, is surprised and irritated to find himself moved to pity them; but he shrugs his shoulders and says, "Well—that's war."

The pomp and pride and glorious circumstance are all gone. When the play opens it is just before dawn, and the only light in the darkness comes fitfully from the burning city. Against that background two gods talk to each other and at once Euripides makes clear what he thinks about war as a method of improving life in any way for anyone.

In the old stories about what happened after Troy fell, told for hundreds of years before Euripides, curiously the conquering Greeks did not come off well. They had an exceedingly bad voyage back, and even those who escaped storm and shipwreck found terrible things waiting for them at home. In those far-away times, long before history began, it would seem that some men had learned what our world hardly yet perceives, that inevitably victors and vanquished must in the end suffer together. It was one of those strange, prophetic insights which occasionally disturb the sluggish flow of the human spirit, but seem to accomplish nothing for centuries of time. Euripides, however, had discovered the meaning behind the stories.

He makes his two gods decide that the fall of Troy shall turn out no better for the Greeks than for the Trojans. "Give

(*Continued on page 22*)

Some Recent Anti-War Plays

The success of the play ["*What Price Glory?*"] *resulted in a flood of moving pictures, treating war realistically rather than sentimentally, and there was a time when I believed that the far-reaching effects of this play and Sherriff's touching play,* Journey's End, *together with such books as* All Quiet on the Western Front, *would do much to lessen the war spirit in the world. I am less optimistic now.*

Only recently I produced another indictment of war, Humphrey Cobb's shattering book, Paths of Glory, *ably adapted by Sidney Howard. Its chief reaction seemed to be a disclosure of impotence, an "I know, but what can you do about it?" attitude. There was little of the fine, jeering indignation awakened by* What Price Glory?

FROM "TO A LONELY BOY" BY ARTHUR HOPKINS (DOUBLEDAY, DORAN.)

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Second Wind

THE SOUTH WIND OF LOVE. By Compton Mackenzie. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

THIS novel covers a period from 1913 to the middle of the war. It is the second in an ambitious and, up to the present, successful tetralogy. Whether or not it is successful as fiction —that is, as portraying the character of an impressionable young man—admits, at least, of some doubt. Personally, I don't think that the John Ogilvie of this novel is nearly so vital as the John Ogilvie of its predecessor. But one has to disentangle an author's intentions from one's own predilections; and it becomes clearer and clearer that Mr. Mackenzie is attempting, in his own way, a history of the twentieth century. His own way is the romantic way, and therefore the century is chaotic; and John Ogilvie becomes a commentator, a choregus, a means of throwing some light on this tragic chaos. Mr. Mackenzie makes his central character interpret, but does not interpret his central character: he throws himself headlong into the whirlpool, and round they go together—he and John Ogilvie and such fragments of an abolished world as come within their view.

John Ogilvie as playwright, John Ogilvie in America, in the arms of Gabrielle Derosier, in the last days before the war, is like an actor in some clever but too lengthy curtain raiser. The novel really gets into its stride when, in 1915, and not before page 261, he enters the British Secret Service and is sent out to do counter-espionage work in the Aegean and to play his part in those sanguinary events which led eventually to the abdication of King Constantine of Greece.

Once upon a time, the authorities prevented the publication of Mr. Mackenzie's "Greek Memories" and "Aegean Memories." Time has its revenges, for these forbidden memories underlie the greater part of this novel—giving it the value, not of autobiography (Mr. Mackenzie maintains, and the atmosphere of the book supports him, that it is not that), but of authenticity.

The story wanders to and fro in the Aegean; delaying in Salonica, returning to London, diving into the bloody complexities of Greek politics, it is only incidentally good fiction. The lesser characters are warmly and richly and often brilliantly portrayed: but how they clutter up the scene! They get lost, they reappear, they vanish altogether, until the reader's mind begins to turn. Mr. Mackenzie has poured everything into this book. Profuse and formless, it is less a novel than an undisciplined congregation of events and people.

And yet, oddly enough, it takes on an historical form. There is something in it —some integrity of observation—which, after you have read it and perhaps condemned it as fiction, reshapes the picture in your mind. It has no hero, but it has a villain. From it there emerges —with his departmental jealousy, his greed for promotion, his stupidity, pettiness, arrogance—the Military Man. Individually he may sometimes be pleasant, but collectively he is terrible. It is he who really gives the picture its coherence. He is the agent of destruction, who cannot build where he destroys. His was the hand, though not the brain, which ruined a world that Mr. Mackenzie loved. If Mr. Mackenzie were a genius, he could have welded his mass of ideas and experiences into a great novel. As it is, he has produced only a lengthy and bewildering picture of a minor phase of the war. But Mr. Mackenzie is an artist, and an artist of real integrity: and, whatever the novel may be, the picture is unforgettable.

THEODORE DREISER, ELLA WINTER, SAMUEL ORNITZ, LINCOLN STEFFENS, MRS. TOM MOONEY, AND ORRICK JOHNS. *From "Time of Our Lives."*

Father and Son

TIME OF OUR LIVES. The Story of My Father and Myself. By Orrick Johns. New York: Stackpole Sons. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

HERE is a dual autobiography, for while Orrick Johns is the first-person narrator he has drawn heavily on manuscript reminiscences of George Sibley Johns, for many years editor of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. "We require of the new and popular autobiography," he observes in his preface, "more than the story of personal delights and sorrows; it must be a criticism of its times." The criticism is implicit but devastating, for the story of George Johns, fighting editor in later nineteenth-century Missouri, is swell stuff; the record of his son, by contrast, is only a pallid shadow. The contrast is not to be explained in terms of personal endowments; too many of Orrick Johns's generation feel that their lives make far less sense than did those of their parents. Orrick Johns sets down the record, very well indeed, and lets you interpret it to suit yourself.

The one thing clear is that the life of George Johns was both useful and satisfying; fighting with the beasts at Ephesus, he stood them off pretty well and had a lot of fun doing it. Unfortunately he had a prejudice against nepotism so his son could never get a job on the *Post-Dispatch*. Orrick Johns worked a while on *Reedy's Mirror*, came to New York in 1913—and the rest of the story is familiar, though he has an objectivity in the discussion of his work and a reticence about his sex life that are rare and gratifying in an autobiographer. But it is a twice-told tale—the pre-war Village, the then new poetry; writing advertising copy, making money at it, and hating it; the flight to Europe (Florence for a change, not Paris) in search of "roots"; the return, the depression.

But there is a climax; in 1932 Mr. Johns was under conviction of sin by the Holy Ghost, and after much mental wrestling found assurance of salvation in Marx and Lenin. On this note of high purpose an autobiography should logically end, but he is scrupulous enough to carry it on to date, through his supervision of the Federal Writers' Project in New York; about which he says just enough to make you wish he had said a good deal more. It seems he is no longer a member of the Communist Party; he still professes the faith, or most of it, but he can't stick the comrades.

> One cannot go through life worrying about the political interpretation that Comrade Ivan, eighteen years old, will put upon one's slightest acts. . . . I very sincerely believe, however, that Comrade Ivan owns the future.

Grounds for this faith are not apparent; it is conceivable that a hundred million Americans are about as fed up with Comrade Ivan as is Mr. Johns. Conversion obviously did Johns's soul good when he needed it, but that the medium was communism instead of Methodism may be merely an accident of chronology, and it is all to his credit that he is sick of Comrade Ivan. He has done a good job of writing, and his comments on the Writers' Project suggest that he has the capacities of a good city editor. It seems a pity that his father wouldn't give him that job on the *Post-Dispatch*.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

The Trojan Horse

XIII. A Weder for to Slepen"*

VELVET darkness, warm and thick. Behind the courtyard a slow punctuation of fireflies in the garden. Sparks, perhaps, to set off tightened pressures in the air.

Beyond the farthest pillar, as Cassandra foretold:—

Is it you?

Look out, your poor arm.

Cressida?

I won't tell you.

If I could see your eyebrows I'd know.

"Canst thou not identify?"

My sweet. O my sweet, your music.

Uncle Pan writes well, doesn't he.

They *are* your eyebrows. I memorized them. I believe there are silkworms in them. There are! They crunch like bacon.

Don't be so carnal.

That's not biting; only nibbling.

It isn't fair to memorize things without permission.

How about my poem?

I didn't memorize it. It just came in and sang to me.

It's yours now.

It's ours.

Poems need to have someone to sing to. That's been my trouble.

I was so afraid they'd make me play before you got here.

They don't know. How could they?

That's what I kept saying to myself, they don't know about Us.

I don't know very much myself.

We can find out.

I didn't dare come to dinner. I used my arm as excuse.

Blessing, you're clever.

I can't stand that sort of thing. It frightens me, my mind can't catch up, I have to say things I don't mean.

But that's the way *I* feel too!

I've never been able to talk to people. I've got years of it packed up inside me.

All right, we'll unpack it.

Can I put my arm—

Careful; is it the good one?

They're both good. Look. I mean, feel.

Help! I'm not one of those Greek spears you twist in circles.

Let's forget Greek spears for a moment. I'm going back to duty in the morning.

This is Now. We can sit down somewhere. There's a big chest over this way, I cracked my shin on it. Come, this way. Shhh. Step gently.

Do you suppose we ought to go on hunting for Cassie?

(They listen. There are a few small sounds in the darkness: a stumble followed by a muffled ouch, a whisper, a laugh quickly shushed. Someone says: I bet she's behind this curtain. Another voice: No she isn't, *we* are.)

Everybody seems happy, Cressida murmurs.

Do you realize, he says, this is the first time we've seen each other by ourselves.

If you call it seeing.

"So holds my love upon your rocky heart."

That isn't my heart.

It isn't rocky, either.

I liked that line about crank support.

This is it. Comfortable?

Mmmmm. Where do you get such attractive words?

They were all I had. I didn't have anything else. They're lonely sort of company.

They were just what I needed.

I thought I was the one who needed things.

If you really need anything, it must exist somewhere. I mean, the one implies the other; there must be some satisfaction or you couldn't feel the need of it. I don't explain very well.

You explain everything.

There couldn't be my kind of a Me unless there was your kind of a You, that wanted it.

My sweet. Or *my* kind of a You and *your* kind of a Me.

Now I'm confused.

Isn't it adorable that we both didn't want to meet each other.

Is that good grammar? I get so mixed up about pronouns.

We'll stick to nouns: persons, places, and things.

When did you first have an idea about Us?

I knew, as soon as I saw you at the temple.

I knew when you rode by the house. I was sorry for you.

Sorry?

You looked so full of—destiny.

That sounds like poor Cassandra.

Yes, and we'd better skirmish round and pretend to hunt for her.

Tell me some more, about when I went by your house.

I was only trying to keep things simple. I was making up my mind to grow old gracefully.

Don't make me laugh.

It hurts to get fond of people. I know. Don't get too fond of me, my sweet.

(There is a pause; then her voice continues):—

That was the day you sent me to the dictionary. I made a poem about it myself.

Tell me.

It's not very beautiful.

Tell me anyway.

Well, let me get my breath. "Since he believes in dichotomy, I'd like him to think quite a lot o' me."

It came true, so it must be a good poem.

Troilus, isn't it fun to have someone to have fun with.

You'll have to help me, because I don't think I have much sense of humor. . . .

Imperative sound, sharp and urgent, edged with metal, tears the soft black hush. A telephone bell, ringing, ringing. Shrill with purpose, insistent, frightening.

Startled silence; then titters, whispers, furtive stir. But no one moves to answer the call.

Maybe something important, says a voice.

Shucks, it's up to Pan, it's his phone.

He seems to be occupied.

The bell keeps ringing; its persistence makes us a little uneasy. Then the voice of Dares:—

Hello? . . . . No, this is the butler speaking. . . . I'm sorry, Lord Pandarus is engaged at the moment. Will you give me the message? . . . . Hello, hello; are you there?

(He rattles the receiver.)

I beg pardon, miss, I'm disconnected. . . . What did you say, Long Distance? O, a trunk call? Very good, get onto it. . . . 'Ung up? . . . . Pardon me, I came with the utmost celerity. . . . Right you are, thank you.

There is the click of the instrument replaced. But almost immediately the bell rings again. We hear Dares mutter Blast! and reopen the circuit.

Well? . . . . Why not say so before, it's a blinking nuisance. . . . To call operator fourteen and reverse charges. . . . What station, please? . . . . Very good, thank you . . . 'kyou.

Some bloody Greek, Dares grumbles. Calling up this time of night. We don't pay any attention to unidentified calls. Blimey, it's a social stumor.

Laughter and comment from the various guests:—

Pan doing business with the Greeks on the side?

Maybe they want to quit and go home.

Helen, Menelaus wants to know if you're in bed yet.

It's not Menelaus, he'd never reverse the charges.

Say, is that thunder?

Cassie was right about the storm.

Cassandra's voice is heard, clear and cool: Are Pan and I the only ones play-

(*Continued on page* 16)

* *Troilus and Criseyde*, III, 657.

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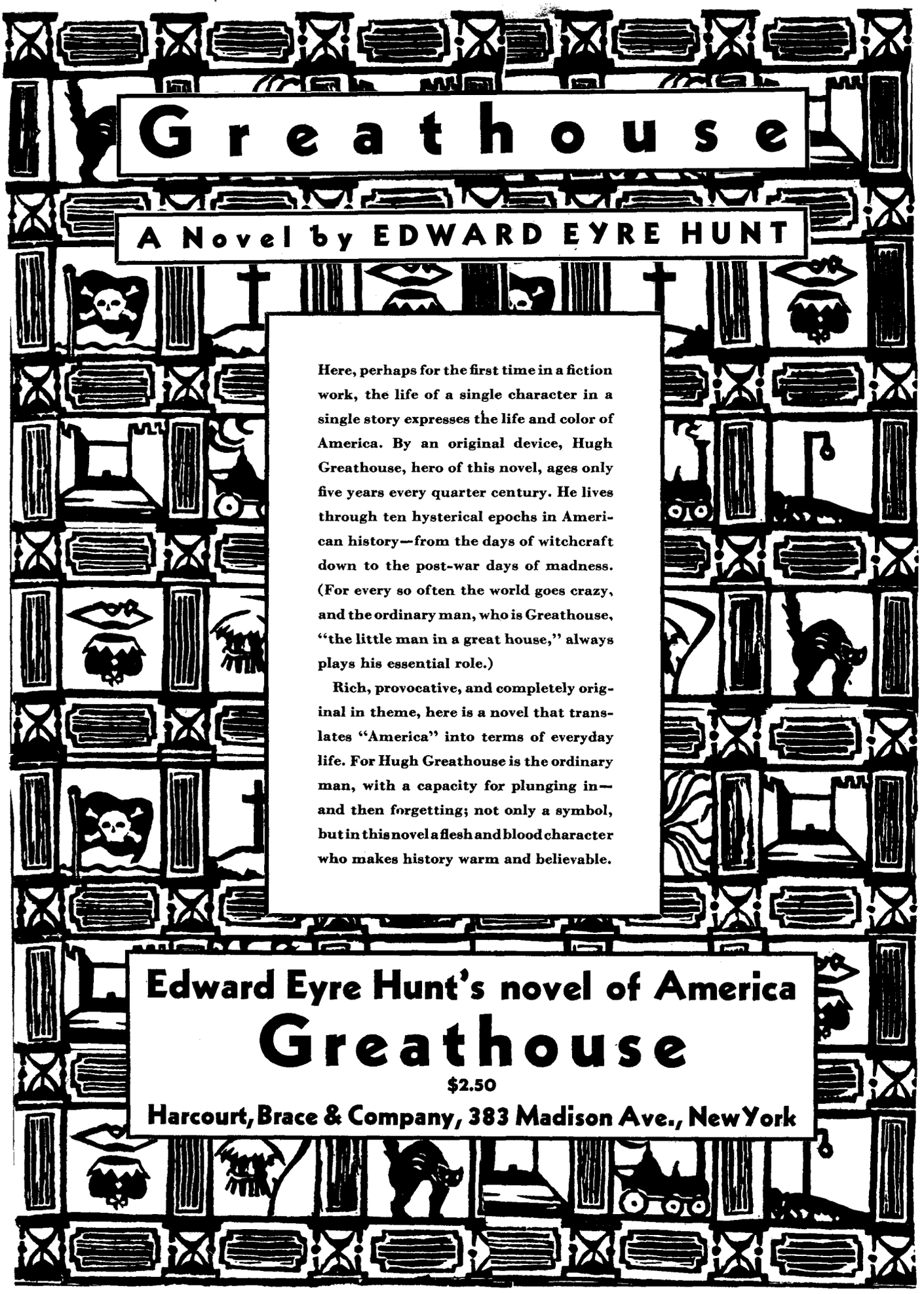
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The Trojan Horse

(*Continued from page* 14)

ing this game? We've been sitting here I don't know how long.

Not too long for me, my dear, says Pandarus.—Dares, give us some light.—The butler does so, abashed to be revealed in his dressing gown, and hastily retires. Pan is discovered (refixing his monocle) seated comfortably with Cassandra on the stairs that rise to the balcony. Behind pillars and from recondite lurkings the others emerge in twos: Hector with Helen; Paris with Creusa; Troilus with Cressida; Aeneas with Andromache.

It's a difficult game, says Uncle Pan mischievously. None of the husbands seem to be able to identify their wives.

Deiphobus and Antigone are the last to appear. I'm sorry, she says, I lost my fillet in the dark.

I hope that's all you lost, says Paris.

I didn't know sardines came in pairs, remarks Cassandra. Usually they're packed in larger consignment.

So many places to look, it takes time.

I recognized Helen by that Shalimar she uses.

We were just hunting in that corner when the telephone rang.

It's rather startling when it goes off suddenly like that.

Listen to that wind. Cassie, you ought to work in the weather bureau.

And rain! I bet I left my bedroom window open.

It was ordained, says Cassandra serenely.

Cassie, that's a complex, Hector retorts. The only things ordained are parsons.

I'm glad for you to think so.

It's a pity to break up the party, says Creusa, but I'm afraid Aeneas and I will have to scoot. If the children have kicked off the covers they'll catch cold.

Yes, we better hurry before it gets worse.

I can give someone a lift, Deiphobus suggests. Antigone?

That's fine, says Pandarus. Go easy; don't skid.

We'll have a slippery field tomorrow, observes Hector. Get your sleep, boys; we've got some special stunts figured out.

Cassie, you won't get wet?

I told Troilus to order a cab.

Come on then, omniscient, says Troilus good humoredly. I'll see you safe.—Cassandra looks at him with affectionate indulgence; as if thinking, I wish I could say the same for you.—The vivid lightning and gathering rain make them all anxious to get away.

Cheer-oh, Pan; we've had a marvellous time. Thanks a lot.

Seeming to deplore their leaving, he is really managing the exodus. Can we give Cressida a lift, asks Andromache. You go along, Uncle Pan urges; she'll have to wait a bit, she can't take the harp in a rain like that.

Who's the harp? asks irrepressible Deiphobus.

Hadn't I better go with Antigone, says Cressida uncertainly.

Not a chance, cries Deiphobus, hurrying the girl away.

Pssh, my dear, murmurs Uncle Pan privately. Just bustle around a little, till they get off. You can't go out in this. Regular cloudburst. I had the guest room made ready for you, just in case. As Cassandra says, it's ordained.—Well, goodnight everybody! Come again soon!—Where *is* Cassandra? O, getting her cloak—Troilus, my boy, here a moment. In your ear . . . come back here after you've taken Cassie home. We'll have a nice quiet nightcap together. Do you good.

You must want to turn in, don't you? says guileless Troilus.

I never go to bed. Why should I? No incentive.

Pandarus gives him a long look, and also the latchkey. Troilus seems puzzled, then alarmed, and is about to stammer something. But Cassandra returns, and bears him away.

Uncle Pan, sheltered in the big doorway, watches the cars slosh off in the storm. He closes the door against the wind, and rejoins Cressida; polishing moisture off his eyeglass; not a sentimental tear but blown drops of rain.

Something about the swish of that gale makes me think of a syphon. We might have a small stirrup cup. . . . Well, my dear, Zeus bless us all. A grand night for sleeping.

The thunder booms.

(*To be continued*)

Metamorphosis

BY JOSEPHINE W. JOHNSON

THE dark and terrible dragon of our childhood,
Hiding in alleys, and coiled beneath the stairs.

The scarlet and bitter dragon of our youth,
With the scalding breath and the magnificent eyes of love.

Behold, my friend, this small glass tube containing
The dragon of our maturity,
—A gray mud-puppy with a half-shut eye!

Business Men in China

FOUR HUNDRED MILLION CUSTOMERS. By Carl Crow. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by ALICE TISDALE HOBART

I HAVE known many business men in my years spent in out of the way ports in China. From them I came to realize that if one wished to gain an insight into a foreign race, one could do no better than to associate with such men. They have a practical understanding of the people they deal with, gained through first-hand encounters. They have had to pit their wits against shrewd Oriental wits and have often come off worsted. They have learned that they have to respect the men they trade with, and they have a surprising tolerance for customs and ethics different from their own.

The stories about the Chinese in Mr. Crow's book are told so casually and so naturally that one can read it simply for entertainment. But there is more to it than entertainment. Every incident he recounts is strangely revealing of the Chinese people. As I read, I had a renewed sense of them as a race, pressed down by poverty and yet meeting it with cheerful courage and intelligence. At this time when we see them, caught in the horrors of war, "Four Hundred Million Customers" seems to me peculiarly valuable, as it brings before us the Chinese in all their humanness—men of keen humor and shrewd business acumen.

In his chapter entitled "The Sacred Rice Bowl," Mr. Crow gives us the Chinese in his most civilized aspect—a man who does not violate human relations. Mr. Crow says:

> In addition to consideration for the face of your fellowman, there is another complementary factor which is of possibly equal importance in China. You must not shame a man by making him lose face and also you must not destroy his livelihood, or, as the expressive Chinese phrase goes, "break his rice bowl." It is quite in order to get the best of him in a business deal, to beat him down to the lowest possible price and then make another attack by demanding discounts, rebates, and allowances. But to bring him to destitution, to cause him unnecessary loss, to take advantage of technicalities, to insist on his fulfilling a contract when he can only do so by impoverishing himself—all these things are looked on as being abhorrently inhuman. The right to live is inherent and he who deprives his fellowman of that right is no better than a cannibal.

That Mr. Crow writes this after twenty-five years of contact with all kinds of Chinese is a testimony both to them and to Mr. Crow. To see them as they really are, he must himself have kept their rules of face and human relations.

Alice Tisdale Hobart, who for many years lived in China, is the author of "Oil for the Lamps of China," a novel depicting the foreign business man in that country.

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"YOU ARE THE ONLY reincarnation of Isaiah and Job and I praise God that he has let me live in your day. Real values are known only to you." — *William James*

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

AND HIS LETTERS

By M. A. De Wolfe Howe

"AN ADMIRABLE BIOGRAPHY of one of the most interesting and one of the most remarkable prose writers of his generation. Largely made up of selections from Chapman's papers and letters, it shows him in all his brilliance and in all his dramatic relief." — *Edmund Wilson in the Atlantic Monthly*

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QUOTATIONS FROM "JOHN JAY CHAPMAN AND HIS LETTERS."

'I hate and despise respectability. I am full of poetry and blood.

'Even a saint ought to know his world and accept a scuffle when the clock strikes.

'Santayana is a very agreeable man with good manners. He made the impression on me of not knowing more about life than a kid glove exposed for sale in a shop window.

'President Eliot is the very highest type of most limited and inspiring pork-chopism. Every word in his essays is the same size — all excite the same emotion; i.e. that of a woodchuck eating a carrot.'

"BRILLIANT, FUNNY, profound and devastatingly outspoken, these letters reveal the late John Jay Chapman as one of the most exciting personalities of the past generation — a man destined, somewhat like Henry Adams, for posthumous fame." — *Harper's Magazine*

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Wotan

(*Continued from page 4*)

of fixed original types which were implicit in the unconscious of many nations and had the additional advantage of explaining the character of those nations and their specific behavior. We have, therefore, the right to speak of a "Wotan archetype," which, as an autonomous psychical factor, produces collective effects. These in turn enable us to infer something about Wotan's nature. For Wotan has his own characteristic biology, quite apart from the human individuals who are, though only at certain times, subjected to the irresistible influence of his unconscious power. When he is, so to say, in retirement, we are quite as little aware of the existence of the Wotan archetype as we are of a latent epilepsy. Was it possible for those Germans who were already full grown in 1914 to foresee what they would be in 1935? When the wind blows, whatever is outwardly or inwardly insecure must of necessity be shaken.

A monograph on Wotan by Martin Ninck has recently supplemented and completed our knowledge of the god's nature in a most satisfactory manner.[1] The reader has no reason to be afraid of a mere scientific study written at a suitable academic distance from its subject. The rights of objective science are certainly fully maintained, the material has been collected with unusual thoroughness, and the arrangement is very clear. Over and above all this one feels that the subject has been a living experience to the author, that the chord of Wotan has vibrated in him. This is not a reproach. It is on the contrary the highest merit of the book, for without this vibration, it could easily have degenerated into a dull catalogue. As it is, the book is full of programs and life. The last chapter, "The Outlook" (Ausblicke), is especially remarkable in this respect. Ninck has drawn a magnificent picture of the German, Wotan Archetype. Employing all available sources, he has described him in ten chapters as the Berserker, the god of the storm, the wanderer, the warrior, the "Wunsch und Minne" god (the god of magical desire and love), the lord of the dead, the chief of the Valhalla heroes, the master of secret knowledge, and the god of posts. Nor are his mythical companions, the Valkyries and the Fylgjur, forgotten, for they are involved in the idea of Wotan as a director of destiny.

The investigation into Wotan's name and its origin is very enlightening. Ninck makes it clear that Wotan includes in himself two opposite aspects of the unconscious, instinctive emotion and intuitive inspiration. One half of him is the god of rage and frenzy, but the other half is the seer who understands the runes and interprets destiny. In spite of the fact that the Romans identified him with Mercury, his individual characteristics do not really resemble any Greek or Roman god. He has the vagabond spirit in common with Mercury, he rules over the dead like Pluto or Chronos, and frenzy, especially in its prophetic form, relates him to Dionysus. But, as Ninck points out with justice, Dionysus and the other Greek gods always remain subject to Zeus, something that points to a fundamental difference between the Greek and the German. The defeat of Chronos, to whom Ninck ascribes an inner kinship with Wotan, may perhaps suggest that for the Greeks, the Wotan archetype was divided and destroyed in remote antiquity. In any case the Germanic god represents a totality which corresponds with a primitive level, that is, with a time when man's will differed in no way from the will of the gods, a condition which kept him fatally in their power. As far as the Greeks are concerned, one god might be expected to give help against another, and Zeus was not far from being the ideal of a beneficent and enlightened monarch. But Wotan never showed any real symptoms of old age. He simply disappeared after his manner when the times turned against him. For more than a thousand years he remained hidden, which is only to say that, whatever he did, he did it anonymously and indirectly.

Archetypes in a way are like streambeds whence the water has fled, though not without hope of return after a period of undefined duration. The resemblance in fact is close when the water of life has digged itself a deep channel. The longer the stream has flowed the greater is the probability that the water will sooner or later return. The life of individuals in society and especially in the political state may be as calmly regulated as a canal, but the life of nations is like wild water whose master is not man but rather something that has always been stronger than man. The League of Nations, which ought to possess international authority, is, in the sight of many, a child who needs help and protection, though others consider it a hopeless abortion. The life of nations rushes on, unbridled, undirected, and as unconscious as a rock which hurtles down a hill and can only be stopped by the hugest of obstacles. Hence it is that political events leap from one impasse to the next, as reasonless as the torrent that races through a ravine, whirls and eddies round a curve, and finally flattens out in a marsh. Where the mass rather than the individual is in motion, human control ceases. And at that point the archetypes begin to operate. This may also occur in the more restricted life of the individual, when he finds himself in situations which are no longer soluble in terms of familiar categories. Everyone knows pretty well by this time what any leader to the North or South is apt to do when confronted by the irresistible motion of the masses. The type of millennium that is expected obviously depends on the state of the times. The ruling archetype does not always remain the same. Thus it is clear that the Mediterranean "ideal father" state, which governs justly and attrac-

(*Continued on page 20*)

[1] Wotan und Germanische Schicksalsglaube. Eugen Diederichs, Jena, 1935.

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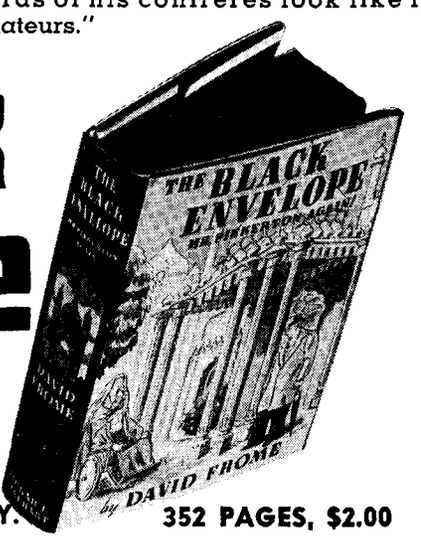

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Wotan

(*Continued from page* 18)

tively, has been badly shaken as far as northern Europe it concerned. The present condition of the Christian churches bears ample testimony to this. Fascism in Italy and current events in Spain indicate sufficiently well that in the South matters have gone further than we had supposed. The Catholic Church cannot afford any further trials of strength.

The phenomenon of "the national god" has attacked Christianity on a wide front. Nor does it make a particle of difference whether you call it "Science and Technology" as in Russia, or "Duce" as in Italy, or "German Faith," "German Christianity," and "State" as in Germany. The "German Christians" are a contradiction in terms. They would be better advised to move over into Hauer's "German Faith" movement, that is into the camp of those decent and well-meaning persons, who, while they admit they are "possessed" by the new god, take great pains to disguise the novelty in a garment of historical exegesis, so as to make it appear less alarming to the uninitiated. Accordingly consolatory connections with the great figures of German mysticism are suggested, as for instance with Master Eckart, who was evidently a German and quite as evidently "seized and possessed." In this manner it is possible to avoid the unpleasant question as to who he is who "seizes and possesses." Unfortunately it has always been God who does that sort of thing. The nearer Hauer, descending from his heaven of Indo-Germanic science, came to the world of Nordic dream and to the reality of the Edda, and the more that faith, defined as the condition of being "seized and possessed," was seen to be a Teutonic attribute, the more clearly did it appear that God, as far as Germans are concerned, is the "god of the Germans." It is impossible to read Hauer's book, "Deutsche Gottschau," without being touched, at least if one considers that it is the tragic and really heroic attempt of a conscientious scholar who has not the least inkling as to what, as a German, is happening to him. He also has been "seized and possessed." He has heard the inaudible voice and he is now striving with all his knowledge and ability to build a bridge which shall connect the dark power of life with the bright world of historical ideas and clear images.

But what will be the effect of all these beautiful things which belong to a different past and to a different condition of mind, now that modern man stands in a situation, hitherto not experienced, face to face with a tribal god as vital as he is fathomless? Men are sucked up like dry leaves in the vortex of the whirlwind, and the alliterations of the Edda thrust between Christian mystical texts, German poetry, and the wisdom of the Upanishads. Hauer himself has been possessed by the deep meaning of Germanic primordial symbolism, and to an extent he could not have conceived of before this crisis. The explanation of this is not to be found in Hauer the Indologist nor in the Edda, for both existed before the crisis. The explanation is to be found in the Kairos, what the Greeks called the measure of things, which at the moment, on close examination, proves to be Wotan. This being so I advise the "German Faith Movement" not to be too prudish. Intelligent people will not confuse them with vulgar hypocrites who sham a faith. There are persons in the Faith Movement who are in a position to know that Wotan and not the god of the Christians is the god of the Germans. This is not a disgrace. It is a tragic experience. It is always a terrible thing to fall into the hands of any living god, whether he be *the* Living God or no. Jehovah is no exception, for once there were Philistines, Edomites, and Amorites, who did not know Jehovah and found it disagreeable when they met him. Another Semitic experience of God, usually called Allah, presented many painful difficulties to all Christendom for centuries. We who stand on the outside judge the contemporary German far too much on the theory that he is a responsible active agent. It would be much more sensible to regard him as a person who suffers. Something very powerful has hit Germany, and it is only they who suffer themselves who gratuitiously inflict pain.

If we are consistently to follow out our admittedly peculiar theory, we are forced to conclude that Wotan will not exhibit his restless, stormy, and violent qualities only. We may expect him to display other aspects, his ecstatic and prophetic side. If this be true, National Socialism will not be the last word. In the next few years or decades, we may look for things that as yet lie in the background, whose nature we are not yet able to conceive. Wotan's awaking is a stepping back, a reaching back. The river which was dammed has burst into its original channel. But the dam cannot last forever. The whole business is a *réculer pour mieux sauter.* The water will presently go over the obstacle. Then perhaps we shall hear and understand what sort of things Wotan whispered through Mimir's head.

This paper is an abridged version of an article which appeared in the Neue Schweizer Rundschau *for March* 1936. *It is hoped that the truncation has not injured the essential meaning. The main work of the translation was done by Miss Beatrice Harrah.*

C. G. Jung, one of the most eminent of analytical psychologists, has just arrived in America for a series of lectures.

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The Light of Israel

THE BURIED CANDELABRUM. By Stefan Zweig. New York: The Viking Press. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

OUT of the wanderings of the Menorah, the Seven-Branched Candelabrum, made all of pure gold and beaten work, that once stood in the Holy of Holies in the Temple at Jerusalem, Stefan Zweig has wrought his grave and moving legend. After Titus had taken Jerusalem, the Menorah stood dark and untended for many years in the house of the stranger—but Israel, at the least, knew that it was there, and well-guarded, in the Emperor's treasury. But when Genseric and his Vandals captured Rome, they captured the Light of Israel as well. It is at this point that Zweig's brief novel begins, and the rest of the book is devoted to one man's attempt to rescue that light for Israel—the long journey of Benjamin Marnefesh, the sorely-tried.

Little Benjamin was a boy of seven, when his arm was broken, never to be whole again, in his first attempt to snatch away the Candelabrum from the men who were taking it to Carthage. He was eighty years older when the news came that Carthage, like Rome, like Jerusalem, had fallen and the sacred thing had been taken to Byzantium—and the most moving part of the book is devoted to his second and hopeless journey with its unexpected ending. For he was to rescue the Menorah in the end, but neither to keep nor to show before Israel—and the workings of God with him were obscure but just.

For this is no story of an Isaiah or a Jeremiah, but of a gentler prophet, born out of his time, who thought twice in his life that he might accomplish the impossible, failed publicly before his people, and yet ended by working the miracle after all. And Zweig has told his fable and the fable of the Menorah, with tenderness but with realism also. When his people thought Benjamin a false prophet, they thought like all people who must have the miracle at once or disbelieve. "Sorely tried, was he? Well, he had been a sore trial. God did not love him, so why should they? . . . Deliberately they averted their countenance . . . They were traders and shopkeepers again, with minds according . . ." As Kipling says,

> "When Prophets are naughty and young and vain
> They make a won'erful grievance of it;
> (You can see by their writings how they complain),
> But O, 'tis won'erful good for the Prophet!"

It was good for Benjamin, too, though he did not see it immediately. Perhaps he had become a little used to being known as the "sorely-tried." One is tempted to live up to a name like that. But you will see, if you read the story that he overcame that temptation, too—and it is a story worth reading for the humanity of its legend.

"The Buried Candelabrum" has been translated by Eden and Cedar Paul and is handsomely though a little heavily decorated by Bernhard Wolpe.

See page 26 for biographical note on Stefan Zweig.

The First Anti-War Play

(*Continued from page* 12)

the Greek ships a bitter homecoming," Athena, once the ally of the Greeks, says fiercely to the god of the sea. He agrees that when they set sail for Greece he will "make the wild Aegean roar until shores and reefs and cliffs will hold dead men, bodies of many dead," and when she leaves him he meditates for a moment on human folly: "The fools, who lay a city waste, so soon to die themselves."

A child's death is the chief action in this play about war. A little boy, hardly grown beyond babyhood, is taken from his mother by the Greeks to be killed. She holds him in her arms and talks to him. She bids him:

> Go die, my best-beloved, my own, my treasure,
> in cruel hands.
> Weeping, my little one? There, there,
> you cannot know. You little thing
> curled in my arms, how sweet the fragrance of you—
> Kiss me. Never again. Come closer, closer—
> Your mother who bore you—put your arms around her neck.
> Now kiss me, lips to lips—

When the little dead body is brought back, the mother is gone, hurried away to a Greek ship. Only the grandmother is there to receive it. She holds his hands,

> Dear hands, the same dear shape your father's had,
> how loosely now you fall. And dear proud lips
> forever closed.

She remembers the small boy climbing on to her bed in the morning and telling her what he would do when he was grown up.

> Not you, but I, old, homeless, childless, must lay you in your grave, so young, so miserably dead.

"The poet of the world's grief," Euripides was called: in this play about war he sounded the deepest depths of that grief. How not, he would have said, since no other suffering approaches that which war inflicts.

The foregoing article, somewhat expanded, will constitute Edith Hamilton's preface to her translation of "The Trojan Women" in her forthcoming book, "Three Greek Plays," shortly to be published by W. W. Norton & Co. Miss Hamilton is the author of "The Greek Way" and "The Roman Way," studies in classical life and literature.

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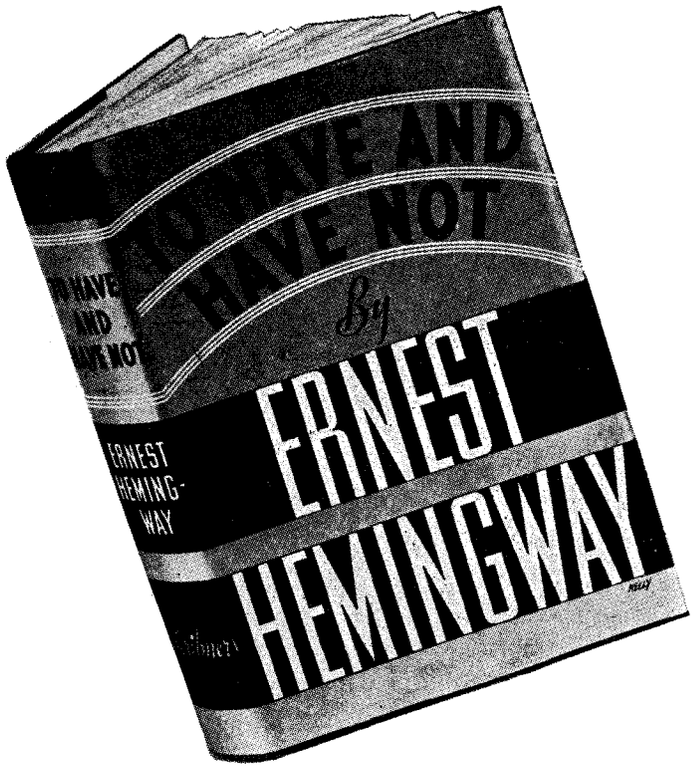

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459—Count 'Em—459

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN MEN POETS. Edited by Thomas Del Vecchio. New York: Henry Harrison. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THIS may be nothing more than a queer and ugly book, but it may also be a portent. The portentousness is concealed, the queerness is implied on the very cover; purporting to exhibit "our singing strength"—at least the strength of our masculine songsters—the book is bound in a pale and ever-so-pretty baby blue. The contents are still queerer: 459—count 'em—459 male American poets, all alive and, in spite of what the editor calls "the unsavory state of present-day publishing," still lyrical. 459—but, though a few household names have been bought by the publisher, somehow there is no room for such established poets as Archibald MacLeish, Carl Sandburg, Wallace Stevens, T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, Edgar Lee Masters, William Carlos Williams, John Gould Fletcher, John Crowe Ransom, Edwin Markham, Conrad Aiken, Horace Gregory, William Rose Benét, Stephen Vincent Benét, Mark Van Doren, Allen Tate, James Weldon Johnson, David McCord; nor is there as much as a line by such younger men as James Agee, T. C. Wilson, Merrill Moore, Winfield T. Scott, Ben Belitt, Robert Penn Warren, George Dillon, Paul Engel, Frederic Prokosch, and John Holmes.

It is not only queer, but comic—perhaps the most comic collection ever made, even by Henry Harrison. The comedy begins with the preface in which the editor urges that the poets should organize militantly, and on a national scale, joining not only the American Newspaper Guild, but "joining hands with their fellow workers in other fields," presumably the P. W. A. and the C. I. O. Poets of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose but your iambics! But Mr. Del Vecchio puts it more elegantly than this. He writes (apparently in passionate purple ink), "Punctilious poets, scrupulously polishing their pastel couplets, may gasp in maidenly horror at this, but the *manly* poet will realize that the day of the lone, delicate riders of Parnassus [can he mean Pegasus?] is past, and that only in union can poets regain their artistic birthright." Such prose sets the key for the verse which follows. Never has a book been so crowded with humorous strophes. A few of the poems are purposely (and, in this setting, uncomfortably) serious, but most of them are so unconsciously comic as to be superb. What could be more grotesquely heartrending than the lines by Henry Coffin Fellow entitled "Hain't No Christmas for My Dolly," George Sylvester Viereck's "The Love Seal," a thickly breathing combination of Laurence Hope and Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in which the poet is fain to "kiss the love-wounds" from the beloved throat, and Leslie Cross's sonnet which opens with this magnificently mixed metaphor:

> The woman who goes amorously to death
> Has not more kingly bread than sunset gives
> To the fresh fallen day. . . .

Such poems belong in the class of poetry which is so bad that it is perfect. Only a few poets in every generation attain these dizzy heights. H. M. Holte reaches them with his apostrophe to a raindrop:

> Trickle down my window pain
> Past my baby's nose;
> And then lie down to glow and dream
> In my yellow rose!

Wilmer D. Olshausen makes a try for the summit with his quatrains about "Time," embodying this graphic verse:

> Slowly the sweltering heat of the tropics
> Drives frenzied creatures wilder;
> And only their turbulent fears at night,
> In comparison, seem milder.

There are others who climb while their companions sleep (sleeping behind the barricades or even, possibly, outside of the union), but a few plant their banners upon the Parnassian peak, none more firmly than Arthur F. Jones, whose banner bears the strange device of "Love":

> The life that lives for love alone
> May little else of life attain,
> But it may have when all is done
> What most would give the world to gain!

The volume ends with Oscar Williams's appeal to his fellow poets to dare the empyrean:

> Build and dream to reach the sky—
> Dreams are dear, but truth is dearer—
> If your roofs were not so high,
> Oh, your blue sky would be nearer!

But, in spite of this hortatory encouragement, one closes the book with misgivings. One remembers that the companion volume, "Contemporary American Women Poets," issued about two years ago, contained more than 1,000 contributors, 1,311 if a none too mathematical mind is to be trusted. 1,311 women poets—more than twice as many as their singing brothers! Something is surely wrong here. Is Sappho to outrival and outrhyme our increasingly mute Miltons! Decidedly something must be done. Joining all the unions is not enough. The government is responsible. Write to your nearest senator. Do not write, telegraph. Urge upon him the necessity of a Congressional investigation. Insist upon an immediate distribution of bigger and better books on versification, larger anthologies (advt.), and self-tuning lyres. Only 459 contemporary American men poets, indeed! Are we to be the strong, silent sex forever! Are we poets men—or are we women?

Mr. Untermeyer, author of several volumes of poems, is also the editor of a number of poetry anthologies.

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Wartime Sabotage

THE ENEMY WITHIN. The Inside Story of German Sabotage in America. By Captain Henry Landau. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN FRANKLIN CARTER

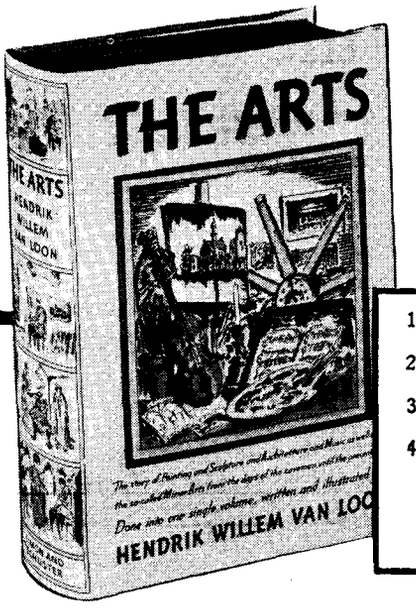
THE United States is a big country; the World War was a big war; fifty million dollars is a big sum of money—and that is the sum claimed by the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company, the Canadian Car & Foundry Co., Ltd., and four other concerns, for damages resulting from the Black Tom and the Kingsland explosions during the "neutrality" period of our participation in the World War. This claim was turned down by the German-American Mixed Claims Commission in 1930 and again in 1936. It is a large amount—men and facts have been murdered for much less—and so one must read this book with raised eyebrows and crossed fingers.

Let's get the essential facts straight. The Germans had every reason to desire the explosion of the Allied ammunition-dumps on the Jersey shore of the Hudson River. British control of the seas had converted America into an economic base for the Allies and German agents admittedly engaged in widespread sabotage against this traffic. Few sensible men can doubt that German agents probably were responsible for the Black Tom explosion of July 30, 1916, and for the fire which destroyed the Allied shell-filling factory at Kingsland, New Jersey, on January 11, 1917. But the ability to prove Germany's official responsibility for these great explosions is another thing altogether. Captain Landau writes almost as though it were the Germans' duty to help the Americans prove their case against Germany. And he parades all the evidence of German sabotage with a pretty shameless assumption of unique Teutonic wickedness which reminds one of the "hate literature" of the last war.

The book is thoroughly documented and well illustrated, and contains an instructive, if violently partisan, record of certain sabotage activities on the part of one of the belligerents in the last great war. However, the author's style is congested, and much of the time one is uncertain whether the author is paraphrasing a legal brief or selling a bill of goods. Certainly the evidence on which he relies to convince the public of the merit of the American claim did not convince Supreme Court Justice Roberts, the Umpire of the Mixed Claims Commission. If it did not convince that conservative jurist, perhaps I can be forgiven for saying that neither am I convinced that Captain Landau has made a good case at law.

I am certain that he has not made a good book. It shall go on my shelves alongside of the writings of Guy Empey, Karl Aarmegard Graves, and other merchants of the mischievous emotions of twenty years ago.

John Franklin Carter, who writes at times under the name of Jay Franklin, was for some years in the State Department. He is a journalist and free lance writer. His autobiography, "The Rectory Family," is to appear next week.



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SIMON AND SCHUSTER

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Authors of the Week

Oliver La Farge

The ancestry of Oliver La Farge includes some of the most distinguished white men in North America, such as Benjamin Franklin, Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry (for whom the author is named), and John La Farge, the famous painter and artist in stained glass (who was the author's grandfather). But as a boy young La Farge chose for himself an ancestry still more deeply American. He dubbed himself "Indian Man," and indeed today few know more about the Indian and his customs and ceremonies than he. La Farge is one white man to whom the taciturn red man will talk. He looks, indeed, so Indian-like that he almost seems one of them. His Pulitzer prize-winning novel of 1929, "Laughing Boy," is a story of the Navajos of the Southwest, with whom he is especially sympathetic. La Farge has made a number of archeological expeditions for Harvard and for Tulane University, to Arizona, Mexico, and Guatemala. He has done research in anthropology and went on an ethnological trip to Guatemala, for Columbia University, in 1932. He has been President of the National Association on Indian Affairs since 1933. A Rhode Islander by birth, he is intensely fond of the sea and of sailing, as well as of Indians and the desert. Though conventionally educated at Groton and Harvard, Oliver La Farge, as creative writer and student of folkways, is unconventional and wholly independent. He is also entirely of the twentieth century, having been born in 1901.

"The Enemy Gods," by Oliver La Farge, is reviewed on page 5.

Francis Brett Young

A good way to see the world is as a ship's doctor, and such was Francis Brett Young after leaving Birmingham University, where he had studied medicine and longed to be a poet. Young voyaged in the Far East and returned to England to marry a noted singer. (Among other accomplishments he is also a composer and pianist.) He then set up as doctor to fisher-folk in Devon, and as practising novelist. His earlier poems and essays had missed the public and his earliest novels were much rejected. During the war Dr. Young went to East Africa as a medical officer. Invalided home, he still served at the military hospital at Salisbury Plain. After the war, much broken, he went to the island of Capri and still lives there for much of the year, above the Bay of Naples. He has regained his health, keeps fit, and likes to travel. Now, at fifty-three, he divides his time between Craycombe House, Worcestershire, and Casa Fraita, Anacapri, Italy.

"They Seek a Country," by Francis Brett Young, is reviewed on page 5.

Stefan Zweig

The war produced the most profound upheaval in the spirit of this young Viennese author of Jewish parentage who had been a poet and a wanderer in many lands. He hated international war from the beginning, found himself practically an exile, and finally wrote a drama, "Jeremiah," that in a veiled and symbolic way expressed his opinion of war-madness. It was produced in neutral Switzerland in 1917. Ten years later Zweig had settled down as a writer of fiction and biography. He is now fifty-six years old and one of the most widely known writers that Austria has ever produced. He lived until recently at Salzburg, but has just moved to London. Stefan Zweig is not related to Arnold Zweig, who wrote "The Case of Sergeant Grischa."

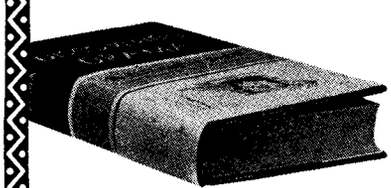
"The Buried Candelabrum," by Stefan Zweig, is reviewed on page 22.

Earnest Albert Hooton

Professor of anthropology at Harvard for the past seven years, where he began as instructor in 1913, Earnest Albert Hooton hails originally from Wisconsin, where he was born in 1887. He attended Lawrence College at Appleton. He is married and has three children. Since 1914 he has been curator of the Peabody Museum. Twelve years ago he wrote of the ancient inhabitants of the Canary Islands, five years later of "The Indians of Pecos," and followed this next year with "Up from the Ape."

His knowledge of the primates has become so widely known that *Life* recently photographed him with a pickled gorilla's head. In commenting upon this to his publishers, Professor Hooton added, "It was not on my shoulders."

"Apes, Men and Morons," by E. A. Hooton, is reviewed on page 10.



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The New Books

Biography

UNFINISHED JOURNEY. By Jack Jones. Oxford University Press. 1937. $3.

As an autobiographer, Jack Jones is a "natural" in the best slang sense of the term. Born and raised in what became the most depressed industrial area in Britain, the steel region of South Wales, he could find no regular employment in the coal fields where his father and grandfather had worked and was forced to make a life for himself out of odds and ends of various careers: political oratory, lecturing, soldiering, and at last writing. Some medals testify to his worth as a soldier, a preface by Lloyd George to this autobiography testifies to his ability on the soapbox, and this reviewer will testify to his literary talent. It is the specialized talent for depicting domestic interiors with directness and simplicity that typified the Dutch masters, with the difference that here the scenes are Welsh and the medium prose.

Consequently Mr. Jones is at his best where he deals with his childhood and his home life in Merthyr. His dramatic experiences as a soldier in South Africa and India, and later in France, are passed over rapidly or presented in letters he wrote home. Obviously he was bored with these episodes, when it came to writing them up, and he could not make them interesting. Jones in India is as lost as Peter de Hooghe would have been in Peru. He is hardly more at home in London—even in its political life, as witness the fact that he shifted rapidly from Communist to Labor to Liberal and finally to Mosley, ending up as a "torpedoed politician" when there were no parties left to shelter him. That's the sort of man he is, never much given to abstruse thinking on political affairs, but disliking faction and complex human absurdity. The parts of his autobiography that distinguish it are the fond depictions of domestic life in a dying industrial area, and the quite incidental revelations of his own humanity.

L. J. H., Jr.

NO ROYAL ROAD. By Edgar A. Custer. Kinsey. 1937. $3.50.

Edgar A. Custer, mechanical engineer by profession and artist and musician for the fun of it, was born in the railroad town of Altoona, Pa., just before the Civil War, retired from active business in 1934, and, at the age of seventy-three, began writing the personal narrative of his colorful and adventurous life. His 150,000 word story completed (this at the age of seventy-five), he retyped the entire manuscript so that each of his five children might have a clean copy. It never entered his head, apparently, that anyone outside the immediate family might be interested in his tale or that it would conceivably find a publisher. Fortunately, his novelist daughter and Messrs. H. C. Kinsey & Co. thought differently.

We repeat the story because it is so indicative of the character of the septuagenarian author; his curiosity, his eagerness to explore new fields and enjoy new experiences, his zest for living. Rarely have we come across any autobiography which reflected such a gorgeous personality or which contained so many delightful characters. One envies him his exciting, interesting life, and one also envies those who knew him. And even more likable than the author himself is his wife, who is introduced to the reader in the eighth chapter as "the little girl with the red flannel pantalets." Together, Mr. and Mrs. Custer shared a life of marvelously happy achievement.

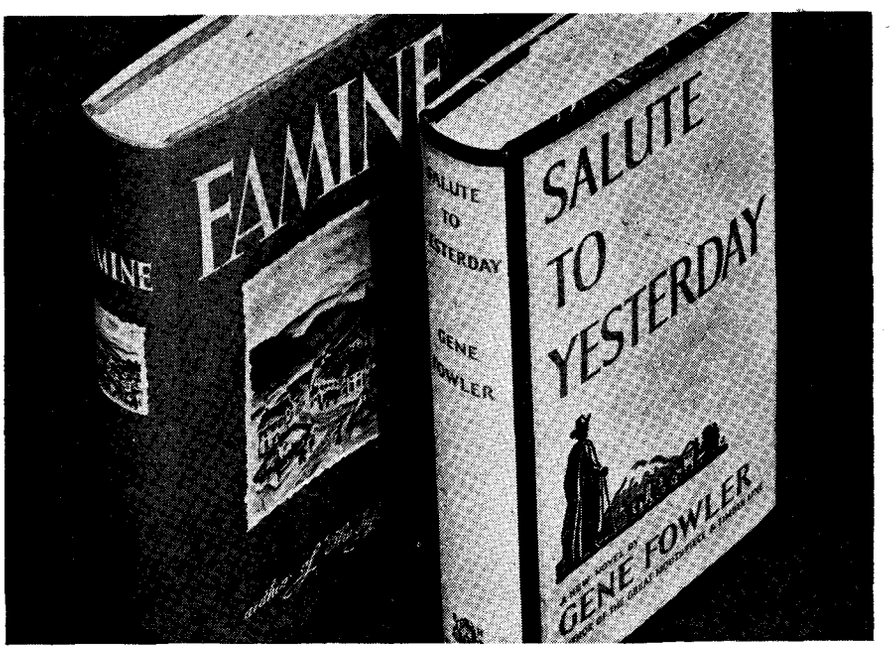
But "No Royal Road" is something more than a delightful story of an unusually vital individual and his family. It is a very real contribution to Americana, covering, as it does, the great industrial transition that took place between the Civil War and the Great Depression. Not only is an illuminating picture of changing industrial relations conveyed, but the transition itself is told from an unusual point of view, that of a mechanical engineer who played a huge and not altogether unconscious part in the technological revolution.

M. D.

Fiction

FELICITA. By R. E. Spencer. Bobbs-Merrill. 1937. $2.

Mr. Spencer's first novel, "The Lady Who Came to Stay," was an interesting experiment in Henry Jamesian fantasy. "Felicita" is less successful, because it is even more like Henry James; and James, the easiest of all authors to parody, is by the same token the hardest to imitate. "Felicita" is just the sort of idea James might have had—the Pygmalion story with a writer instead of a sculptor for hero. And there is more than a touch in



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Houghton Mifflin Company

it of "The Sense of the Past." But Mr. Spencer, instead of playing the fantasy straight, rests it upon an implied explanation in terms of psychopathology. The reader, therefore, instead of identifying himself with the hero, sees his dreams too clearly as delusions; and the beautiful Felicita, who comes to life for the hero, does not come to life for the reader. In short, "Felicita" is too close to case history. Mr. Spencer has a highly developed style, of which the rhythms and cadences will seem beautiful to a few, but mannered and derivative to many others. Likewise, there will be some readers to whom "Felicita" is magic, and probably more to whom it is tinsel.

G. S.

VALLEY OF DECISION. By Margaret Flint. Dodd, Mead. 1937. $2.

Classic as is the attraction of dreamy young boys, it is hard to be moved by Miss Flint's Ivan. Though his home is Mississippi, instead of Maine, he might well have come from the Old Ashburn Place; his is the simplicity, the integrity, and, alas, the dullness, that characterized the people of Miss Flint's first novel. But he is not as rugged as most of them. When at twenty-one, after his mother's death, he left the family farm to seek his fortune, he fell at once into the hands of Miss Becky, his mother's old friend, and submitted to a new maternal yoke as binding and demanding as his mother's had been subtle and wise.

For two hundred pages, Ivan struggles with his conviction that he must shake off Miss Becky, at whatever cost to his own comfort; the reader has long outlived his original interest in the situation before Ivan manages to come to his decision; so that it is with relief rather than with pleasure that one sees him become a man at last.

There are several subordinate themes. But while the characters have their many problems, still there is little realization of the queer depths and despairs of human beings. People are not as simple—and certainly not as trivial—as these, one feels. Miss Flint is earnest and honest, but she cannot give life to her characters nor sustained interest to her plot, however praiseworthy her conception of both.

K. S.

SUMMER MOONSHINE. By P. G. Wodehouse. Doubleday, Doran. 1937. $2.

Does it really much matter what Mr. Wodehouse writes about?

The present story's star—or one of its stars—is Sam Bulpitt, an American process-server, brother of Lady Abbott of Walsingford Hall. "Buck always calls her Toots"—Buck being Sir Buckstone Abbott, who takes in paying guests at

(*Continued on page* 30)

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Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MAROONED WITH MURDER *R. A. J. Walling* (Morrow: $2.)	Tolefree and companion cast away on lonely Scottish isle, scent previous murder and—again their hosts' wills—solve it.	Nine-tenths delectable Scottish atmosphere. Remainder Mr. Tolefree doing his deepest deducing, with nocturnal sneaking to boot.	Expert
MURDER OF A PROFESSOR *John Miller* (Putnam: $2.)	"Anaphylactic shock" finishes off college prof. but Phil Waring, observantly reckless biochemist, finally puts shocker on spot.	Not too well organized and inclined to chase its tail, but murder method is clever and solution well handled.	Average
THE GREAT INSURANCE MURDERS *Milton Propper* (Harpers: $2.)	Phila. plutocrat popped playing polo. Sleuth Tommy Rankin encounters two more killings before he corners clever criminal.	Intricate maze of financial skullduggery, mysteriously motived philanthropy, vengeance out of buried past; with able deducing and surprise finish.	Satisfactory
THE YELLOW CIRCLE *Pearl Foley* (Lippincott: $2.)	Villainous emissary of sinister Indian secret society kills and robs, but omniscient Richard North unmasks him.	Synthetic concoction of oriental villainy out of Sign of Four by Dr. Fu Manchu with a loftily preposterous detective.	Pretty bad
FATAL FRIDAY *Francis Gerard* (Henry Holt: $2.)	Belted Earl admits slaying Sir Gerald the bounder. Nobody believes him, and Insp. Meredith spots signs that lead to solution.	Basically good yarn with clever and intricate plot almost entirely spoiled by kittenish talk and unfunny humor.	Exasperating
THE OBEAH MURDERS *Hulbert Footner* (Harpers: $2.)	Rum-king of West Indian islet poisoned on wedding day. Other deaths follow before visitor from U. S. nails killer.	Native magic in spooky settings makes good background for swiftly paced yarn with bumptious hero and hot-tempered heroine.	Shivery

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

OLD Q. happened to be in Chicago, on one of his inquisitioning Trade Surveys, when the President made a remarkable speech (Oct. 5) advising an international "quarantine" against the contagious disease of War. ☞Q. was very curious to identify the "recent author" whom F. D. R. paraphrased thus: "when men, exultant in the technique of homicide, will rage so hotly over the world that every precious thing will be in danger." ☞No one has told us: who is the Recent Author? ☞A lively bit of bookselling was one by the Economy Bookstore in Chicago on the day of the President's visit. They took the glass out of their front window, put a man in the space with a cash register and 1000 remaindered copies of F. D. R.'s *On Our Way,* and sold them all at 10c apiece. ☞Speaking of show windows, Mr. Kroch at his famous Michigan Avenue store is celebrating 30 years in the book business by enlarging the premises. ☞One of the most helpful factors in Mr. Kroch's success, his assistants always remind us, are the regular staff meetings at which they discuss the new books and decide which most deserve pushing. ☞We found the Chicago trade excited over the plug given Rhine's *New Frontiers of the Mind* by the Zenith Radio Company which has been conducting ESP (telepathy) tests on the air. ☞Bob Casey's comment in the Chicago *Daily News* was that if other people can really tell what you're thinking about "the best course seems to be to read inspirational books or not think at all."

☞The Argus Book Shop and Ija Adler at the Post Office News Co. tempted us with some grand examples of the work of Norman Lindsay, the great Australian draughtsman. ☞Do we only imagine it, or is there not always a rather special feeling of guts and mental curiosity about the book trade in Old Loopy? ☞At Brentano's we made a special dicker with the gracious Gretchen Kroch for a book about Chaucer that was lurking in her case of Fine Bindings. ☞At Marshall Field's we picked up a *Poems of Matthew Arnold* for train reading. Evidently Old Q. is so elderly in his tastes that he is in danger of being called a squirradical (if you remember *The Wrong Box*). ☞At Carson Pirie's we found Ralph Henry very pleased at the fine sale of *Portrait of Barbara* written by his assistant Max Siegel; though Old Prude Quercus is still a bit shocked by its annunciatory jacket.

☞Another book of special interest to Chicago is Howard Vincent O'Brien's record of recent travel adventures, modestly entitled *Notes for a Book on Mexico.* ☞Jack Stephens and Gunvor Svendsen at the Doubleday, Doran shop are particularly keen about the chances for the reprint edition of Audubon's *Birds* ($12.50) as a Christmas gift; at Marshall Field's John Scheele and Rose Oller and Haryot Smith have special schemes under way for Van Loon's *The Arts;* Werner's on Michigan Avenue was confident of a good season. There was no time, in so brief a visit, to call everywhere. ☞We encountered also Mr. Frank Henry of Lippincott's who was putting out psychological landing-gear for his Flying Celt, Mr. Bill Finneran, who takes off next week on the first experiment of selling books by airplane, to cover 22,000 miles in 24 days. I Cover the Skyfront is his motto.

☞And in New York: preparations are intense for the Book Fair, which opens Nov. 5. This year's Fair will be bigger and higher than last (38th and 39th floors, International Bldg., Rockefeller Center) with more auditorium and exhibition space, and a variety of new features: hobby rooms, a publisher's room showing how costs are distributed, a library service display, in addition to the publishers' exhibits, children's room, model bookshop, and complete bookmaking plant familiar to 1936 Fairgoers. Also the N. Y. Times Museum of the Recorded Word, covering more than 5,000 years of writing.

☞65 publishers placed ballots in a new hat (belonging to a *Times* man) to determine who gets what display booths; the drawing took place last week. There will be about 75 publishers in the fair, but some of the smaller houses are doubling in space. ☞The sponsors expect 200,000 visitors (last year's attendance: 83,000) and for their convenience and surprise are providing a tea-room and lounge, and a check room where you can leave your hat on the 39th floor and collect it, as you go out, on the 38th.

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The New Books

(*Continued from page 28*)

the Hall. Sam arrives unexpectedly just as a couple of tangled love affairs are bourgeoning. Sam is America's champion plasterer—serves the papers on you and never misses. Then you have the charming Jane Abbott, the charming (and convulsing) Prudence Whittaker, the young Vanringhams, Joe and Tubby, the effete Adrian Peake, and others. You can see already what kind of custard it is. The best. The pace is headlong, the lingo in the true Wodehouse manner. He combines the best features of English and American colloquialism. With the world in its present state one is particularly grateful to him for affording blessed moments of relaxation into mere nonsense. His particular recipe is inimitable.

By the way, can you imagine Wodehouse in the banking business? Yet he once tried to learn it.

W. R. B.

Brief Mention

Here is a group of books, some of great merit, which because of lack of space cannot be reviewed at length this fall. First in biography: Algernon Cecil has supplemented the excellent *Life* of Sir Thomas More recently published by Professor Chambers with *A Portrait of Thomas More: Scholar, Statesman, Saint* (Putnam, $5). Mr. Cecil attempts to add nothing new to the details of More's life, but he feels his importance as an international figure standing for an attitude toward life deserves a fuller interpretation and analysis than has hitherto been given. The result of his studies, which have continued for a quarter of a century, is this thoughtful and readable book. * * * In sharp contrast to this biography of a great humanist is Harvey O'Connor's story of *The Guggenheims: The Making of an American Dynasty* (Covici-Friede, $3)—a detailed account of how a fortune was built up by exploitation. * * * Readers of Shaw will wish to see *Shaw, George versus Bernard* by J. B. Hackett (Sheed and Ward, $2). Hackett endeavors to define what he regards as two conflicting personalities in Shaw, one of which he regards as dangerous to contemporary civilization. * * * Autobiographical are the reminiscences of Caroline Howard King now just brought to publication. Her book *When I Lived in Salem, 1822-1866* is a pleasant and informative first-hand account of the town in its great days. (Stephen Daye Press, Brattleboro, Vt., $2.50). * * * Books of other types include a bringing together of Dean Inge's writings since his retirement, called *A Rustic Moralist* (Putnam, $3); a brief but cogent study of *"Dictators and Democracies,"* by Calvin B. Hoover, who in the past has written so well of Russia (Macmillan, $1.50); a very pleasant book called *Old England, illustrated by English Paintings of the 18th and 19th Centuries,* by R. H. Mottram (Studio Publications, Inc., $2.50), with charming pictures. * * * A useful reference book called *Our Racial and National Minorities* by F. J. Brown and J. S. Roucek (Prentice-Hall, $5); also *Records of the Federal Convention of 1787* edited by Max Farrand (Yale University Press, $4). This last volume is intended to supplement Mr. Farrand's indispensable *Records* published a number of years ago. While nothing new of great importance has been discovered there have been sufficient additions of material which throws light upon the actions and attitudes of individuals in the Convention to justify a volume to contain them. Scholars and libraries will find it wise to add this volume to their collections.

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Double-Crostics: No. 186

By ELIZABETH KINGSLEY

			1-B	2-S		3-S	4-B	5-X	6-Y	7-W	8-C	9-E	10-R		11-A	12-U		
13-J		14-C	15-F	16-H	17-G		18-I	19-B	20-X	21-K	22-E	23-G		24-K	25-F			
26-F	27-A	28-H	29-W	30-G	31-X		32-H	33-J		34-V	35-L	36-S	37-C	38-N	39-P			
40-T	41-O	42-S	43-D	44-X		45-D	46-V	47-F		48-S	49-V	50-D	51-H	52-Q	53-W	54-E		
	55-M	56-I		57-I	58-L	59-F		60-O	61-N	62-T	63-C		64-W	65-T	66-G	67-X		
68-E		69-C	70-T		71-O	72-G	73-P	74-X	75-W	76-K	77-V	78-O		79-R	80-A			
81-P	82-T	83-E	84-B	85-R		86-C	87-B	88-I	89-D		90-S	91-X	92-W	93-P	94-H	95-R		
96-F	97-D		98-S	99-T	100-J	101-U	102-Q	103-F		104-K	105-A		106-N	107-S	108-P			
109-M	110-H	111-A		112-B	113-J	114-M	115-L		116-O	117-W	118-Q	119-G	120-V	121-D	122-N			
123-X	124-C	125-G	126-U	127-A	128-N	129-P		130-J	131-T		132-M	133-T	134-K	135-I		136-F		
137-P	138-H		139-P	140-I	141-A	142-R		143-C	144-P	145-D	146-H		147-D	148-R	149-L	150-B		
	151-L	152-V	153-K	154-C	155-H		156-A	157-J	158-G	159-U		160-Q	161-E	162-V	163-M	164-E		
165-S	166-O		167-A	168-B	169-P		170-Q	171-R	172-K	173-N	174-G	175-C		176-Q	177-M	178-I		

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's International Dictionary.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 20 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Assassin.

B. In the manner of the strigiformes.

C. Winks.

D. French statesman (1838-1882).

E. Streamlets.

F. Encircle.

G. Spanish painter (1599-1660).

H. Manifesting exhilaration.

I. Bombast, turgidness.

J. Seat on elephant's back.

K. Intoxication.

L. English poet (1785-1806).

M. American clergyman, editor, author (1835-1922).

N. Yelled mournfully.

O. Ejected.

P. Soft and downy character.

Q. Cardinal number.

R. Snob (comp., slang).

S. Exacerbates.

T. Governor of Massachusetts Colony.

U. Abounding in quercus trees.

V. Competitor next the winner (comp.).

W. Compared.

X. Pygmy-like.

WORDS

141	27	156	111	11	127	105	167	80	
87	112	19	1	84	4	168	150		
63	8	37	14	69	154	124	143	175	86
97	45	145	50	89	43	147	121		
83	164	68	9	161	22	54			
59	96	103	26	15	25	136	47		
174	30	23	66	17	119	72	158	125	
146	51	110	28	94	16	155	138	32	
57	135	88	18	140	178	56			
157	33	13	130	100	113				
134	24	76	153	172	104	21			
151	58	35	115	149					
114	55	109	177	132	163				
173	61	106	122	38	128				
41	116	71	60	166	78				
93	169	137	73	81	144	108	139	129	39
170	176	118	52	160	102				
142	95	10	171	148	79	85			
42	2	48	107	3	90	36	165	98	
62	82	70	99	133	65	131	40		
12	126	101	159						
152	49	6	162	77	46	120	34		
29	92	7	53	117	75	64			
31	67	20	91	74	5	44	123		

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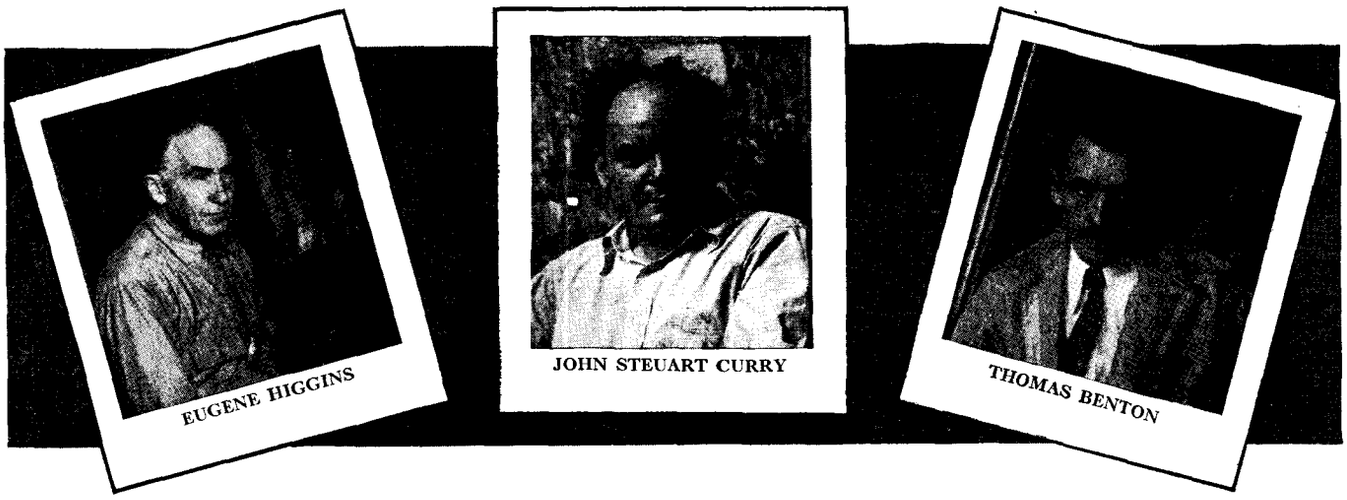

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